

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

THE BEST OF
AMERICAN LIFE
IN FICTION FACT
AND COMMENT

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THE key turned stiffly in the lock, and the door stuck on the lintel. The building was scarcely in the pink of repair, but when the door swung reluctantly open and Margaret stepped into the old secondhand bookshop she forgot its shortcomings. Books crowded the high wall shelves; long tables of books filled most of the aisles; and piles of books towered in every corner; the very air was musty and bookish.

Everything seemed just as it had looked on her brief visit a month before when she had astonished herself by purchasing the stock of books from the agent of the absent owner and leasing the small building for the summer. With a grand air she had told her family that the investment was promising, and that the little seaside village was the most delightful place for a school-teacher to spend a vacation in, but she suspected them of guessing the unbusiness-like truth, that she had succumbed to the temptation of having three thousand books of her own. Now she felt obliged to have a profitable season, if only to show them that she could earn money even in a business that she liked.

Above the shop were a sitting room and a bedroom, and Margaret picked her way through uncertainly piled heaps of old books up the open stairway and looked round her living quarters. There were books in those rooms also, though not in such numbers as in the shop itself. There were a few chairs, a cot and an old chest of drawers where she found two heavy aprons and clean rags that would serve as dust cloths. The things were all hers; she had bought them with the books.

Margaret knew that she had little time to lose if she were to arrange her stock and become acquainted with it before her best customers, the summer residents, began to come to their cottages. Pinning a towel securely over her hair, she began to dust the least crowded shelves.

The shelves that she attacked first held biographies. Some of the volumes were almost new; some were almost a hundred years old and were so faded that it was hard to guess the original color of the binding. Most of the books were about notable people, but some told of obscure ministers or young men who had never done anything in the least remarkable and who had died long years before. Yet oddly enough



"I didn't come here for that sort of bidding," she answered him shortly

THE WORST CUSTOMER

By Marjorie Hill Allee

the prices that Miss Cummings, of whom Margaret had bought the stock, had marked in those books were often the highest of all.

It seemed to Margaret reasonable that an illustrated book should cost more than a book without pictures, and that of two books that were just alike the cleaner should be worth a few cents more than the other; but even that rule did not always hold, for a book that was much inscribed on the flyleaf was often marked at an unexpectedly high price. She dusted from Adams to Zwemer before she stopped for lunch, but she still puzzled over the prices as she ate her crackers and cheese and drank her ginger ale from the general store across the street.

The books on the next set of shelves were all of travel. Little old books of arctic exploration and tales of South African jungles and of missionary journeys into Africa came to her hand, and all were so fascinating that she found it hard not to sit down at once and lose herself in far Cathay with some ancient caravan. Her shoulders were aching with the constant reaching, and her feet were tired; by two o'clock she was on the point of resting when an unexpected thumping sounded on the door.

An odd figure was standing in the street,

surveying her mildly through thick glasses. He might have been forty or fifty years old, but there was something childlike in his expression—something at once wistful and confident. He was shabbily dressed; one shoulder drooped noticeably, and a headgear like a telephone operator's was clamped over his hair to fit one ear. When he moved to enter the shop one foot dragged. "I thaw you working with the bookth," he said. "I thought I'd come to call and read awhile." He held out to Margaret a sort of compressed telephone mouthpiece with cords that ran to the black disk over his ear.

"I'm not ready to open the shop yet," she shouted through the unfamiliar apparatus.

"That doethn't matter to me at all," he assured her. "I'm not going to buy any bookth. I'll jutht take that old chair over there and read ath I've alwayth done in Mith Cummingth' thop."

He sat down, and rather than lift her voice again Margaret let him pick out a volume of poetry and settle himself; but she was exasperated with him and with herself, who had meant to be so businesslike. It was a poor beginning to have as her visitor this strange person who frankly said he meant to read without buying. Her family would consider

the incident as a good joke, quite the sort of thing they would expect to happen in Margaret's shop. She resumed her dusting with considerable energy.

The flying dust failed to rout her visitor; he sneezed absent-mindedly now and again, but he read on. It was not until Margaret, thoroughly weary, stopped work in the late afternoon that he said good-by cheerfully and limped away.

"Who is he?" she asked of the friendly neighbor who had invited her in to a hot supper.

"I suppose he seems queer to you," the woman replied. "But we're used to him, and we don't notice his ways. He's Ernest Edwards. The boys nicknamed him Wireless Ernie when he got that new electric affair to help his hearing. Oh, no, he doesn't mind what they call him. He likes children and young people; he'd be glad if they paid more attention to him. I guess he spends so much time in the bookshop because he gets lonesome."

"He's no ornament to the shop," said Margaret, "and he didn't buy anything."

"No. I don't suppose he can; he hasn't any money except the little pension his brothers send him. He has never been strong enough to work. But I can understand how you feel about him. Maybe we've spoiled him, feeling sorry for him. I suppose you'll have to be firm to discourage him."

Margaret fully intended to be firm and discouraging. "I'm dusting the poetry today," she shouted when he appeared at the door the following afternoon. "You won't find it convenient to read!"

"I'd jutht ath thoon read philothophy today," he answered accommodatingly. "Poetry I like for a thteady ration, but I enjoy philothophy too when I feel equal to it."

Margaret stood helplessly by while he went to the table and with an annoying air of knowing the stock better than she did chose James on pragmatism. She could not summon courage to renew the argument; instead she went back to the poetry and wondered why Miss Cummings had considered a privately printed volume of halting rimes to be worth more than a stout, legible edition of Browning.

So many problems arose in the next two weeks while Margaret was trying to put the shop in attractive order that she had little time to spend on Wireless Ernie. Moreover, when she



finally opened the door to customers, many questions of prices remained unanswered.

One day in early July an imposing automobile slid up to the curb, and the chauffeur handed out the owner, an old gentleman. He was a customer worth having! Margaret stood by respectfully while the man poked about the shelves.

"Where's Miss Cummings?" he asked gruffly when he finally noticed the girl in her neat black shop dress.

"In California," Margaret answered pleasantly. "I took her stock over."

"Umph," grunted the old gentleman and looked disapprovingly from under his bushy eyebrows.

"Where are the schoolbooks?" he asked a few minutes later. "Miss Cummings always kept them here."

Margaret remembered the piles of dog-eared primers and spelling books that she had carried to the back shed to make room for some fiction.

"I'll bring them out for you," she told her customer and presently spread before him a lot, of which no two books were alike.

"Anything new?" he asked, somewhat appeased.

"Why, yes, I think so," Margaret brought out half a dozen readers that she had found still unpriced in her sitting room.

The old gentleman's eyes brightened as he handled them; for a moment he looked almost good-tempered. "How much?" he asked, holding one over to her.

Margaret considered. It was a curious old primer dated 1813 and illustrated with coarse woodcuts of impossible children; a cover of figured calico protected the back. She could not remember having looked to see how the other schoolbooks were priced.

"Twenty-five cents," she decided offhand. The bushy eyebrows shot up instantly, but she held her ground. "I think it's worth as much as that. You see it's in good condition."

The old gentleman examined the unoffending little book suspiciously. Then he slapped it down and, muttering inaudibly, turned and left the shop. The screen door slammed behind him.

"I couldn't have made him a present of it," Margaret thought.

Wireless Ernie observed disappointment in her face. "What wath the matter?" he asked sympathetically.

"I think he must be plain stingy," she replied ruefully. "He wouldn't pay a quarter for this little book."

"Let me thee it. Oh, yeth, I know that book! Mith Cummingth found it in an attic here in town. I'd gueth it wath worth five dollarth, maybe more. You'd better look it up and thee for thure. It's one of thothere rare old primerth printed in an out-of-the-way printerth thop. When you athked only a quarter for it he thought there wath thome-thing wrong with it. He'th a collector and knowth all about them."

Margaret gathered up the old schoolbooks and took them back upstairs. She really intended to find out more about them, but business soon became brisk, and she was occupied with selling summer fiction at from thirty cents to ninety cents a copy.

But at the end of July when she balanced accounts she was rather startled to find how little profit she had made on the summer novels. She did not want to sell all her stock and have no money with which to replace it after she had paid her living expenses; she wanted to open the shop summer after summer. The work did not tire her as it had done during the first hard days, and it was absorbingly interesting.

She began to use her evenings and her odd moments to examine Miss Cummings's trade books and journals. A file of the Booksellers' Guide helped her. It told at great length of first editions, of which Margaret had known vaguely, but which she had never thought of seriously. She found that the odd volumes of Hearn and Burroughs, Lowell and Thoreau in the little locked bookcase were so amazingly expensive because they were all first editions.

She had already answered to her satisfaction the question of the books with inscriptions on the flyleaves. When a book came from the library of a famous man, or when "presented by the author" was written under the frontispiece, the volume naturally would have a sentimental value that could be translated into cash.

And the matter of biographies of little-known persons solved itself one day when a woman who was deeply interested in tracing her ancestry back past the Revolution spent an hour among the biographies and carried

off in triumph four of Margaret's least interesting and most expensive books.

Margaret began to see that it was the rarer books that would make her shop pay for itself. She hunted up catalogues of book auctions and compared the prices at which books sold in New York and London with her own prices for similar books.

Wireless Ernie limped in one day and found her carefully erasing price marks and replacing them with prices that were higher. He watched her for a while and then spoke with his unabashed freedom. "Now I would not do that," he advised her. "Mith Cummingth never meant to thell quite tho high ath the big dealerth. Her expenethere here weren't tho heavy. The could afford to charge leth than a thop that paid high rent. I tell you another thing. The had friendth that came year after year. If they couldn't afford to buy all the bookth they wanted, they might come back the next thummer to get them. How do you think they'd like to find the prithere marked up on the thame book?"

Without noticing Margaret's flushed face, he found his poetry and his chair. She had an unreasonable feeling that she had been caught cheating, and yet she had not thought of anything except adopting good business methods. It seemed that raising Miss Cummings's prices was not good business.

Margaret did not like the man's interfering in her affairs; neither did she like the amused glances that he attracted from some of her best-dressed customers. It seemed to her that his shabbiness made the shop less attractive. She seldom made an effort to talk to him, but other people did, and the reverberations from the resulting conversation were enough to distract the attention of the most absorbed book buyer. Once she set out enthusiastically to sell him a book—a circumstance that greatly pleased him. His forlorn face lighted up, and he followed her around the shop, agreeing that all the books she showed him were extraordinarily desirable. In the end he chose a ragged copy of Arabian Nights, which he said he had always wanted; and he paid at once its marked price of five cents. Margaret tried no more experiments with him, and in her next letter home she dubbed him officially her Worst Customer.

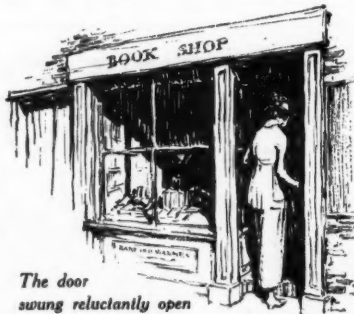
August was proving to be much more profitable than July had been. Miss Cummings's old friends came in often. They liked Margaret's eager interest and the rather ostentatious use of booksellers' terms that she had picked up. She spoke of "association" and "presentation" copies; a spotted binding was always "foxed"; a loose leaf came from a "shaken" book.

"Don't let your stock get too low," one friendly woman recommended after her purchases had emptied half a shelf. "You haven't bought much this year, have you?"

"I haven't," Margaret admitted; "I don't know yet what items to buy or where to find them."

"Learn by buying. Almost any sale of household goods in this neighborhood includes books; why don't you begin by trying your judgment on some of them?"

Margaret was impressed with the advice, and when the morning of an auction in the village found her free, without even her Worst Customer in the shop, she set out to see what she could find. The village was so small that an auction was a social event; it seemed to Margaret that half the people in town were enjoying themselves by looking leisurely over the household goods that were stacked in the Taylors' back yard. Wireless Ernie was there as a matter of course. He interrupted her on her way to a table of books that did not seem to interest many people. "If you've come to buy," he said, "you ought to look out for Field. He'th a dealer from Enderton here today, and he'th



The door swung reluctantly open

tricky. Mith Cummingth never would have anything to do with him."

Margaret was tired of hearing of Miss Cummings's wisdom; she nodded and went on. The books were made into bundles of eight or ten and were numbered in lots and tied with stout cord. Though Margaret found it hard to get a fair idea of them, she hesitated to untie the cord. She fingered them and wondered what prices they would bring. There was a set of the Waverley Novels that she decided to bid on; for she had found a steady demand for them through the summer.

A man on the other side of the table seemed to guess what was in her mind. "You don't want those," he said. "I know the edition; the print is very small."

Margaret glanced at him quickly; he was a dark nervous little man who peered at the books as if he knew them. He added casually:

"I see a fine copy of the Pickwick Papers that you might like. I don't pay a great deal of attention to Dickens items myself, but I'm going to bid a little on it."

Back in Margaret's sitting room a very desirable set of the works of Dickens was almost complete. When all the volumes were there it would be worth a good many dollars; and one of the two or three that it lacked was a copy of the Pickwick Papers. Margaret felt a thrill of excitement as she recognized the familiar binding. "I wish I could look through it!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, they never let you do that," the man replied in a superior tone and, moving off a little, left Margaret with longing eyes on the volume.

"See here," said the little man. He had fidgeted back to her. "You have Miss Cummings's shop, haven't you? I'm Field, a fellow dealer in books. Did Miss Cummings ever complete that Dickens set of hers?"

"Did she tell you about it?" asked Margaret eagerly. "No, it isn't finished; it needs this item." The next moment she wondered whether she had been too confiding, but she dismissed the thought; a man who had shown her a book that she particularly wanted was not likely to take advantage of her.

"H'm!" said Field, watching her under twitching eyelids. "Lucky for you! That set is worth a good round sum. You could afford to pay well for this book."

Margaret merely nodded. Her pocketbook held five dollars, and the amount seemed none too much.

"See here," he proposed, leaning closer than was necessary. "What'll you give me not to bid on that lot? Nobody else knows what it's worth. You could get it for twenty or thirty cents."

"Give you not to bid?" Margaret repeated wonderingly.

"There are some items I want in a few of these other lots," the fellow continued in a lower voice. "Nothing much, but I know where I can dispose of them. You may not know it, but this is an unusually good showing of books for a country sale. Suppose you don't bid against me on lots five and eight and nine, then I'll not bid against you on this lot with the Pickwick item. We'll divide them between us before the crowd gets over here."

Margaret did not take time to reason out her course or to reflect that the little man's scheme might be "good business." "I didn't come here for that sort of bidding," she answered him shortly.

"My word! Why not? They can't do anything about it!"

Margaret turned on her heel and walked off in high disgust.

"Very well, then, I can use a Pickwick myself!" she heard him say.

Margaret took refuge in the crowd round the auctioneer. That important personage was in fine spirits; his brisk jokes and the good humor of the crowd calmed her. By the time the auctioneer moved over to the books she had laid her plans. She meant to get lot

number one with the Pickwick Papers if it took all her five dollars to buy it. Then, for all she cared, Mr. Field might have the others. She had not examined them well enough to know what she would be getting if she bought them.

She realized that, if she had followed Wireless Ernie's advice and had not confided in the innocent-seeming Field, she should probably fare better; but it was too late to remedy that mistake; she would have to pay high for her book.

"Lot number one of ten fine books," the auctioneer chanted. "Number one books, all of 'em! What'm I offered?"

"One dollar," said Margaret promptly. "One!" roared the auctioneer. "Make it a half—make it a half—make it a half!"

The thin hand of the Enderton man went up.

"Half it is! Make it two!"

"Two," said Margaret.

"Three," said Field, nodding.

The auctioneer's practiced face showed none of the astonishment that he felt at such unexpectedly high bidding. "Three dollars I'm offered for this beautiful lot of books including—let me see, one family book of medicine, one Cook's Poems, one volume of the works of Charles Dickens and others too numerous to mention. Now who the dickens will make it four?"

The crowd chuckled and whispered together. If Margaret had been listening she might have heard remarks about her business sense that were none too complimentary.

"Four," she said.

"Four it is," the auctioneer shouted. "Make it five—make it five—make it four and a half?" He looked expectantly at Field.

"Four and a half," said Field, edging to a position where he could see Margaret better.

"Five!" Margaret said hopefully.

"Five I have—make it six—make it six—make it six, sir? Make it five and a half—five and a half—five and a quarter, sir?"

Field was studying the girl closely.

"Going! Going, once—twice—and —"

"Five and a quarter," Field interrupted him, and Margaret, keenly disappointed, saw the auctioneer's clerk finally hand the books to him.

She dropped back and did not bid again. Field continued to buy and pay high prices; Wireless Ernie, of all people, was bidding against him. His devices for keeping track of the bidding diverted the crowd and exasperated the Enderton dealer. Curiously enough, Wireless Ernie never quite bought anything; he stopped always just under Field's top bid. The Enderton man was in a very bad humor when he finally dumped his newly purchased books into his little automobile and drove off.

"Don't know when I've had thuch fun," Wireless Ernie told Margaret with a grin that transformed his mild face. "It wath like a guething game. 'Button, button, who'th got the button?' And I guethed right every time!"

"What were you doing?" Margaret demanded.

"Thame thing Field tried to do to you," he answered blithely. "Only he guethed wrong. He thought you'd pay more than five dollarth for thothere bookth, but you didn't. Then he had to take them and pay for hith poor gueth. What wath it you wanted in that lot?"

"Pickwick Papers."

"Lucky for you you didn't get them. That copy had two pictureth mithing. I looked through it thith morning when I helped tie up the bookth."

"Field paid five dollars and a quarter for an imperfect copy? Why, I could almost be sorry for him!"

"I thouldn't bother," advised Wireless Ernie. "He knew well enough it wath mutilated. I thaw him opening the lot before you came. He never meant to buy it. He only wanted to make you pay high for it. He wath more dithappointed than you when he got it."

"No credit to me," said Margaret humbly.

Then she told him the story of her encounter with Field, and he nodded sympathetically and said, "Yeth, yeth."

"Never mind," he added cheerfully, "next time you'll know better. Now come around here. I've got thome-thing thaved up for you."

On the outside cellar steps was an old market basket full of small dingy books. "They were going to burn thethe up," said Wireless Ernie.

The basket held a treasure. There were primers from the eighteenth century; spelling books that had been printed on remote New England presses; old histories with woodcuts of New York City when it was a country town and maps of Pennsylvania



DRAWINGS BY R. L. LAMBDIN

when it was a wilderness. Margaret had now learned the value of books of that kind.

"Won't they take the eye of your old gentleman when he cometh back?" asked Wireless Ernie with great satisfaction.

"What will they want for these?" Margaret inquired fearfully.

"Well, Mr. Taylor thaid he didn't want them in the auction, becauthe they were tho old they'd hurt the lookth of anything we put with them. And he didn't want to burn them, becauthe they would choke up the furnathe. Tho I thaid maybe you would give fifty thenth for them; but he thaid a quarter wath enough, and you could pay him whenever you got ready, but if you did want them he witedh you would take them away today. He doethn't want them littering thingh up, he thayth."

"I'll take them this minute," said Margaret. "Mr. Taylor would appretiate it. Let me carry part of them for you."

Though Margaret was much more capable of taking the precious armload than the

pathetic figure that limped happily beside her was, she gravely divided with him. "Why didn't you take these yourself and sell them to the old gentleman?" she asked with real curiosity. "You'd have been quite a little richer."

"Why thould I want to deal in bookth tho long ath you let me read all I pleathe at the thop? Bethideth," he said diffidently, "I can't do thingh like other folkth; I'm jutht a piethe of a perthon, with my bad eyeth and my worthleth earth and my game leg. I can't even talk right. But I like to have friendth that are thtrong and interething like you, and if I can help them it'th the greateth pleathure to me, you thee."

There was a remorseful lump in Margaret's throat, but she spoke distinctly so that he could not miss the words. "We are friends!" she said. "Here's my hand on it."

She grasped Wireless Ernie's dusty, awkward hand and gave him the smile of understanding gratitude. Thus disappeared her Worst Customer, and in his place appeared her particular adviser and friend.

ROBERT THE RESPONSIBLE

By Helen Ward Banks

Chapter Five. Bob is impelled to deal with his cousin

AS the first customer descended from his automobile Bob smiled at him in so friendly a way that he smiled back involuntarily; his face did not look as if smiling were habitual with him. "Can you take care of my car?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. Bonner," Bob answered.

"You know me, then?"

"Everyone who knows a Hycomobile knows you, sir," Bob replied and laughed. "That's a beauty."

"Almost new from the works," John Bonner answered, laying his hand on the big tire. "I've no insurance yet."

"She'll be safe with me," Bob said.

"She belonged to the company Saturday, and to me this morning," explained Mr. Bonner, "and the insurance hasn't been transferred. Put her somewhere where I can get out when I want to. Are you boss here?"

"Yes, sir," Bob answered from behind the steering wheel. "I'll keep your car on the front line where you can get at it. I didn't know that I'd ever get my hands on a Hycomobile."

"Do you like cars?"

"I'd rather handle a car than eat my dinner."

Mr. Bonner's keen glance rested for a moment on the boy's face. "Are you making this a permanent business?"

"No, sir; I'm trying to earn money enough for a delivery car to run between Danport and Bridgebury."

"It will take time to earn enough money to buy a car."

"Yes, sir; but I have close to four hundred dollars, and I hope that this business will bring in two hundred more."

Mr. Bonner nodded. "If you have patience and initiative, I suppose you may get there. What's your charge?"

"Fifty cents for half a day."

"Any reduction for all day?"

"No, sir."

"There ought to be. Do you do any vulcanizing?"

"No, sir; but I can furnish gas, and I have a little repair shop. I could put on a patch in an emergency; that's as far as I go."

Mr. Bonner's lean, set face relaxed into another slight smile. "Emergencies are my hobby. I never trust a man thoroughly till I've seen him meet an emergency. Where can I get a rear tire?"

"McElwain's up in town is where we trade," Bob answered.

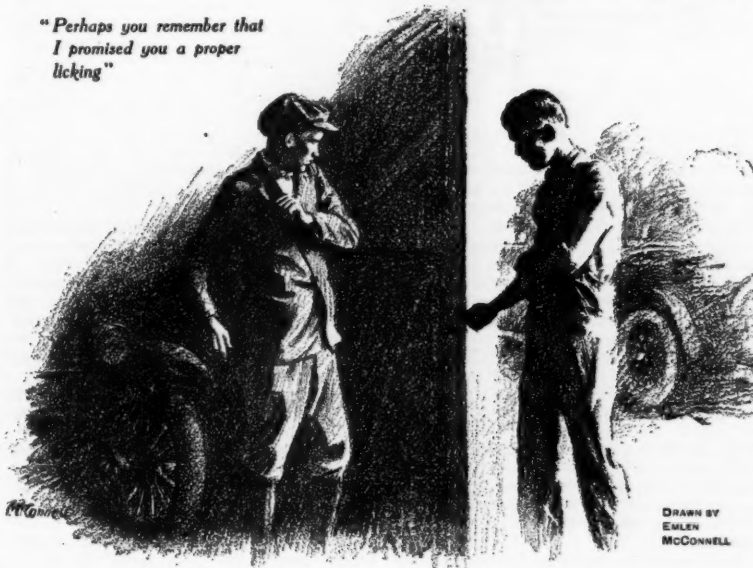
"All right. I'll need gas before I go back, and I need a new tire. I was foolish enough to put two old tires on the rear wheels and carry the new ones for spares. I thought I could get one more day's run out of them. But first one blew out, and then the other; so I'm on the new tires now and have no spare ones. Do I pay in advance?"

"As you like, Mr. Bonner."

"Paying in advance is business," Mr. Bonner said. "It makes you certain of my money, and it makes you responsible for my car. I'll park for the morning, and if I stay this afternoon I'll pay over again. Then I won't lose fifty cents if I don't stay."

He pulled a handful of change from his

"Perhaps you remember that I promised you a proper licking"



Drawn by Eileen McConnell

pocket, and as he turned it over to find a half dollar a dime slipped out and rolled across the floor. Mr. Bonner paid his fee and then spent three minutes searching the floor until he found his ten-cent piece. "If you want to make dollars, look after the pennies," he said, slipping it into his pocket. "Now what is this ticket for?"

"You keep that," Bob explained. "It's number one. Here's the duplicate hanging on the radiator. When you present the ticket you get your car. Besides the tickets I have this tally board. You are number one on space one, and your car number—52-252—also is on the board. That arrangement makes it pretty sure, doesn't it?"

"Ought to," Mr. Bonner replied with another of his keen glances at the boy. "You seem to have the patience to save and the initiative to earn. I hope you'll succeed."

"Thank you, sir," Bob answered. "I've made a start anyway."

"Quick tongue too," said Mr. Bonner. "Now it remains to see how you'd meet an emergency. What do you think about it?"

Bob looked at Mr. Bonner frankly. "I don't know, sir," he answered.

"Have to wait for a chance to find out," said Mr. Bonner. "I must go over to the grounds and look at my automobile exhibit. Here comes your next customer."

The arrival was a small automobile for all day. Bob tucked it away in space number two behind the big Hycomobile and, putting a ticket on it and giving the claim check to the owner, turned to receive number three. Then business came thick and fast. One automobile after another rolled in to park until Bob's pockets jingled with half dollars and swelled with bills. Grinning in a friendly way, Uncle Joe came out to do duty while Bob bolted his dinner. Then Bob himself was at work again.

Shortly after one o'clock Uncle Joe and Aunt Lida came walking by on their way to

the fair; Bob happened to be unoccupied at the moment. "Want to leave your car in my charge?" he called.

"Our car is Shanks' mare, and it's taking us right into the grounds," Uncle Joe answered. "I'll come back and spell you by and by."

"No, I'm all right. Lew'll be here in a few minutes."

"You tell George when he comes that I've left his cups and table and cloth and all in the pantry," said Aunt Lida. "You help him along, Robert."

"Look out!" Uncle Joe warned him, and Bob turned to see his cousin behind him.

"Well!" Bob exclaimed. "If it isn't the kid himself in his sneakers that sneak. On the job, youngster?"

George looked round him elaborately. "Is there anyone here you are speaking to?"

"Just to myself," Bob answered good-naturedly. "Aunt Lida says all your stuff is in the pantry."

"I'm not going to do that baby spring stunt," George answered scornfully. "I'm coming in here with you and Lew."

"Oh, now, George," pleaded Aunt Lida. "I got everything all ready."

"You run on, Aunt Lida," said Bob. "Don't worry. He'll tackle the business as soon as you get out of sight."

"I'm going to work here," said George.

business at that end as the cars go home, and they won't begin to move till four o'clock anyway. Will it be all right if I hurry over to the grounds for an hour in the dull season, Bob? I'm mighty anxious to see those steers in line."

"All right," Bob replied. "Go on over, and tomorrow you can keep store while I run over and see the automobiles. Mr. Bonner's cars are over there. That new Hycomobile is his."

"Geewhillikins!" exclaimed Lewis. "We sure are picking up the swells. Georgie ought to be down by the spring if he's going to do business. There's a car stopping there now."

"Rout him out," Bob answered, "and then get on your own job. Here comes a car for me."

The owner of the incoming automobile wanted to telephone, and Bob led him to the booth that he had fitted into a far corner of the barn.

Lewis went to get George. He found him in the pantry with a saucer of rice pudding in one hand and a piece of pie in the other. Lewis sank into a chair and laughed.

"Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie," he teased. "Poor little half-starved piggy-wig who has to fill up when auntie goes to the fair."

A mouthful of pudding marred the dignity of George's reply, and Lewis laughed the louder. Then he thought of a new way to irritate George's sensitive vanity. He stopped laughing and straightened up.

"Come on over," he said. "Bob has changed his mind."

"Did he send you?" demanded George.

"He knew that I was coming."

"I don't believe you."

"Oh, all right," Lewis retorted. "It suits me. I didn't want you in the partnership."

"It's a rotten old partnership," said George, sneering. "When I was in New York —"

"I don't care a hang what you did in New York," Lewis interrupted him. "Are you coming, or aren't you?"

"Maybe I will."

"Well, go on then, and I'll take this paraphernalia down to the spring," said Lewis.

George sauntered away, and Lewis dumped the cups and cloth into the inverted table and then lifted it upon his head. He caught up with George as he joined his cousin.

"What do you want me to do?" George asked sulkily.

Bob turned in astonishment. "I want you to go down to the spring and work up trade."

"Lew said you wanted me here."

"Well, I don't."

George turned angrily to Lewis. "You're a—you said Bob had changed his mind."

"So he has," replied Lewis, grinning. "He's changed it about a good many things. I didn't say he'd changed it about you, did I? I think his opinion of you is the same as ever."

George bit his lip as the angry tears filled his eyes.

"Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,
Any old thing can make him cry,"

sang Lewis in a high falsetto voice.

"You'll carry your joshing one peg too high some day, Lew," Bob said, "and then you'll get what's coming to you. I'm boss of this ranch. You get down to your gas station and see if you can work up any trade. And you pick up the table, kid, and take it down to the spring and see what business you can do. Get a move on now, both of you!"

"Aye, aye, sir," replied Lewis and dashed away, still singing.

George swallowed hard. "I bet I can sell more water than he sells gas!" he exclaimed. "Go to it then," said Bob. "Show what you can do!"

"Much chance you give me!" George answered. "If you go over to the fair for an hour with Lew, I'll show you how I can run the business."

"I don't believe I want to see how you can run my business," Bob said good-humoredly. "Show me how you can run your own."

"I'll show you and Lew plenty of things before I'm done with you," George retorted and stalked off with his load.

It was a dull time of day, for most of the automobiles that were to be at the fair for the afternoon had already come and were standing in their proper rows according to Bob's schedule. One or two passed on the road and drew up to see what George had for sale. One man stopped for gasoline.

Lewis looked into the tank of the car and went proudly to his pump, but it did not work. He tried it two or three times, and then the man became impatient.

"Never mind," he said; "I can't wait for you now. I'll pick up some gas later."

Lewis smiled at him persuasively. "Just

"That suits me. I suppose there'll be more

hold on a second till I call the boss. He'll soon fix it. I'm a greenhorn at the business. O George!" he called.

George looked up. It was an unusual thing for Lewis to call him by his proper name.

"Geor-gie!" Lewis called again. "Go up and send Bob down—quick."

George made no reply; he wasn't anyone's errand boy, and moreover he was not anxious to have Bob examine the pump. He was rather frightened at what he had done.

"Shake a leg," shouted Lewis. "This thing's stuck, and Bob's got to see to it. You take charge and send him down."

That remark made things look different. There was an automobile just turning into the lane; if Bob went away, George would have the fun of looking out for it and of proving how well he could manage. Without hesitating longer, he started to run across the field toward the barn. "Lew wants you down at the gas station right away," he said to Bob.

"What's the matter?"

"Something's stuck. He wants you quick."

"All right. I'll go as soon as I place this car that's coming in."

"You'll lose your sale if you don't fix things up for Lew," George warned him. "I can run this car in as well as you can."

"I suppose you can," Bob said reluctantly.

"Make them back it in here."

"That's a better place over there."

"I want it here. See that it gets here too. Don't try any monkey stunts."

Lewis's piercing whistle sounded from the road.

"Here are the tickets," added Bob hastily.

"This one is seventy-six. Put one on the car and give the driver the duplicate. Then enter car number, ticket number and space number on that schedule on the blackboard on the wall. The telephone booth is over in that corner; it's five cents a call. I'll be back before anyone else comes."

George received his first car with gracious dignity, placed it where he thought best and gave the driver his ticket.

"Are you the boss here?" the man inquired.

"My cousin is in partnership with me."

"Oh, the big fellow we met going down the lane. I thought you were a good deal of a kid to run a business like this, but I'd trust him; he looks responsible. Come on, Mary."

The party strolled away and left George with his eyes again full of angry tears. Even a stranger had called him a kid and at a glance had said that Bob was responsible. "I hate him," George said through his teeth. "I'm sick of his responsibility. I'd like to pound it to pieces."

For an instant he stood with the ticket of the last car in his hand; then a fresh idea flashed into his mind. This was his chance to upset all Bob's order and prove that Bob was not responsible! With two sudden sweeps of his hand he wiped from the blackboard the entire list of figures for the day. Then he took the ticket from the first automobile that he touched and replaced it with the ticket that was in his hand. From car to car he went and changed the cards until all system was gone and the only way by which an owner could pick out his automobile was by knowing the style and the number of it. Between five and six o'clock when the fair goers would come in groups there would be intense confusion.

George's anger lasted for a few minutes longer, and then it died as suddenly as it had flared, and he began to think of the consequences. After all Bob was a good fellow; he had worked like a horse for this garage business, and he, George, had spoiled it with a sweep or two of his hand! After the confusion that would come at closing time no one would be likely to use the parking space again. And what would Aunt Lida say? She was his only real friend, but even she could not overlook an act like this.

Thoroughly frightened, George made a bungling attempt to restore order; but, except that he remembered that the last automobile was number seventy-six, he had nothing to aid him. He bit his lip. Bob would hate him now forever. Back into his mind came Aunt Lida's words about making his cousin like him. Really what had he ever done to Bob except to annoy him!

George was still fumbling miserably with the tickets when Bob returned for a wrench. As he entered the barn he glanced almost unconsciously at the tally board.

Startled, he glanced from its clean-swept face to the collection of automobiles. The shining Hycomobile was the only one that he was sure of on sight; it stood in its place, but the number of it was fifty-five. From the automobiles Bob's eyes finally came round to George, and for the first time in his life George saw his cousin thoroughly angry.

"So, baby boy," Bob said softly, "you can't be left alone ten minutes without getting into mischief. The worst joke Lew ever played is tame compared with this! Perhaps you remember that I promised you a proper licking if you tried any monkeyshines on me. Now you're going to get it."

And George got it.

"I hate you, you great big bully!" he cried passionately when Bob finally let him go.

"I don't care much how you feel toward

me as long as you keep out of my sight," Bob retorted. "Go to the house and stay there."

"I'll go where I please," George said.

"You'd better get out before Lew appears, if you know what's good for you," said Bob.

George started hastily for the house, and Bob went to the doorway.

"Come up here, Lew," he called. "Let the gas go for the present."

TO BE CONTINUED.

DRAWINGS BY O. F. HOWARD



"Say, ma, stop!"

AN EPISODE IN THE WEINERT FAMILY

By
Edith M. Leavell

you doin'? What wasn't you through with? Edny!" She shook her finger at her daughter. "Answer me!"

Now if a child continues to stand in front of her mother, making no response except sniffles to questions

that are entirely justified, there is only one thing to do. "Well," announced Ma Weinert, falling back on a time-honored formula, "if you're goin' to cry, I'll give you somethin' to cry for!"

Edny hurried into the house, where it is needless to say a painful five minutes ensued. Possibly, if Ma Weinert had not been so thorough, she would have noticed something unusual in the way Edny cried; but Ma Weinert's thoroughness was a matter of personal pride. When she was angry—this she had been known to confide to her neighbors—she was "mad all over!"

So a long five minutes had passed before she became aware of the particularly heart-broken appearance of her child.

Finding that unexplained effect of her activity somewhat exasperating, she paused with uplifted hand and in awful tones demanded once more to know "why"—or worse would follow.

The threat was more than a little, round-faced, chubby girl could stand. To endure another spanking—worse or otherwise—after the one that she had just received was altogether too much. Though she all but wriggled out of her blue-checked apron and almost tugged her yellow braids loose, she found breath to ward off her mother's impending hand. "I was helpin'—sf—sf—g-get ready—sf—sf—for the party—s-s'prise-party!"

"Whose s'prise party?" demanded ma, still threatening.

"Yours!" the girl replied in a long wail of defeat and bitter disappointment.

"Mine!" Ma Weinert's hand fell to her side. After a speechless pause she found it possible to ask, "Who's getting it up?"

"Ma," Edny lamented, "if you change your dress, they'll just know you know!"



"I was," Edny's small voice answered tearfully. "It's your birthday."

Now, if Ma Weinert was thorough at retribution, she was by no means hard of heart; far from it. All that she said was, "And I've been whipping you!" and, sinking into a rocking-chair, she gave herself over to such lamentations as Mrs. Casey must have heard if Claudie's window had not been viciously slammed down several minutes before. Edny too was far from silent, though the unexpected balm for her bruised spirit had reduced her sobs to a mere accompaniment to her mother's demonstrations.

It was thus that Claudie found them when he came home shortly after the six-o'clock whistle had blown. He came in at the back door and, setting his dinner pail on the kitchen table, went hurriedly toward the disturbing sounds. "Well, I'll be—" he began, and his big brown eyes gave every sign of popping from his good-natured face. Rushing over to his mother, he shook her by the shoulder. "Ma! Stop! Stop it! Tell me quick! Is it pa? Is pa hurt?"

The unhappy suggestion of such a possibility, unfounded though it was, brought fresh wails from his mother, and Claudie's knees grew weak beneath him.

But by that time Edny's fountains had almost run dry, and she was able to say concisely, if with sobs, "She whipped me—and made me tell—about tonight!"

"About the s'prise?" Claudie's tone was stricken; he even failed to say that he was glad that pa was not hurt or killed. "Well, I'll be jiggered!" he exclaimed, saying what he had meant to say in the first place. "Say, ma, stop! Ma! You didn't whip the kid!"

"Yes, I did; I whipped an' beat her, and I'll never get over it as long as I live!" sobbed ma.

By that time Pa Weinert had come in by the back way. Setting his dinner pail beside Claudie's, he hastened to the bedroom. Edny was calm now except for an occasional sniff-snuff, and her mother with her apron over her head was rocking nervously in a laudable effort to control her emotions. Claudie explained to his father what had happened.

"Ma!" exclaimed Pa Weinert. "You never!"

"Yes, pa, yes, I did. I whipped her. And I know all about the s'prise. O pa, I'm such a foo-ool!" Then came a fresh flood of tears.

Wisely refraining from agreeing with his wife's last remark, Pa Weinert returned to the kitchen and, taking up the milk bucket, went outside.

Claudie turned to follow his father, but for an instant the demands of a robust six-foot body drove other tribulations from his mind. "Ain't you goin' to give us any supper, ma? I'm hungry," he called back.

"My soul!" cried ma. And what else indeed had interfered with supper?

But souls must wait when men-folks come home hungry. Surprise or no surprise, pa and Claudie must have their meat and potatoes. But no potatoes were peeled, and no water was boiling! She was on the point of giving way to her emotions when Edny, still disconsolate, walked into the kitchen.

"Edny," said ma in saccharine tones, "don't you want to help your ma peel some potatoes so brother and pa can have a good supper?"

Meanwhile Claudie had followed his father to the barn and, leaning over the top of a low door, was watching the warm milk stream into the bucket. He was soft-hearted, Claudie was, and he couldn't "get the kid out of his mind." "I don't know when I've been so broken up over the kid," he said. "She's been workin' on this here s'prise for a month, keepin' it from ma just as if she was growed up."

"Women-folks," responded pa with feeling, "is too hasty."

Claudie was a good boy, but after the manner of sons he was apt to take issue with his father's opinions. "Why, pa, I don't see how you could say that ma was to blame. She wasn't to blame noways at all. She just didn't know."

"I ain't blamin' her," pa replied somewhat hastily. "Of course, as you say, she didn't know. I suppose it's tough on 'em both."

Claudie continued to lean on the low door; he was busy with his thoughts even as Betsey was busy with her cud. But suddenly, unlike Betsey, Claudie found himself in the ecstatic grip of inspiration. A glow came into his face. "Listen, pa!" he cried. "Say! I've got an idea!"

Pa waited, and Betsey, vaguely aware of something unusual, looked inquiringly round. Claudie sketched his plan rapidly in low tones. "And by doin' that," he concluded triumphantly, "we'll not only s'prise ma, but

the kid'll be so astonished that I feel mighty sure it'll make her eyes pop out."

"It's a good idea all right," said pa and rose to his feet. "Here, you hold the bucket; Betsey might kick it over. It's a good idea if—Now let's see how much I've got. Fifty and fifty's a dollar—dollar seventy-five and ten—No, I haven't got it."

"Look in your other pocket, pa."

When Pa Weinert had fished one more quarter from a capacious pocket Claudie became so excited that he spattered milk on his everyday trousers. "What'd I tell you, pa? With what I got it's a-plenty!"

Prudence dimmed the brightness of pa's blue eyes. "I don't know, Claudie; I don't know's we ought to. I haven't paid that bill o' Flexner's yet. It's a good idea all right, but I don't know's we can afford—"

But Claudie had the money and was on his way. "If I don't hurry, the stores'll be closed," he called back. "Say, pa, you make up somethin' to tell ma."

Now that prudence was put to rout pa turned submissively back to his task; and Betsey, had she looked round again and had she not been a cow, might have observed a grin of pleased anticipation on pa's red face.

That night at eight o'clock the Weinert family, washed and combed, not to say plastered, were sitting round in varying attitudes of stiffness, waiting for the surprise party to come. During the hour or more between supper and eight o'clock the nervous tension had not relaxed appreciably; rather, it must be admitted, their strong family affection had suffered an unaccustomed strain. In the first place ma was hurt that her grown son should have lingered in the alley with the boys on that evening of all evenings; for that was the reason, pa had affirmed after the manner of the proverbial trooper, why Claudie was late. She could not know that at seven o'clock her son had sprinted breathlessly down the alley with a carefully guarded box under his coat, that he had held a stealthy colloquy at Mrs. Casey's kitchen door, or that when he had given the package into that good neighbor's care Mrs. Casey had exclaimed, "Ain't you the best son now! It's a grand idea, Claudie, that's what it is." And when he came in late to a supper that had turned cold and soggy ma's complainings might soon have changed to tears except for her husband's soothing words of caution: "Now, ma, don't you go an' git yourself all worked up again."

There was further occasion for handsomely diplomacy when ma started to change her dress for the party.

"Ma," Edny lamented, "if you change your dress, they'll just know you know!"

"I can't help it. They ain't goin' to see me in this old caliker dress. And anyway I can't act s'prised when I ain't s'prised. You know I ain't, Edny; I ain't made that a way."

"Aw, ma!" Claudie pleaded from the doorway.

"It'll just be an old fizzle, ma," cried her sorely tried daughter.

It was then that pa became inspired; quietly and unostentatiously he turned up the big hand of the kitchen clock. "It's two minutes to eight, ma. Ain't no time for you to dress anyway. Git your darning an' set down as if you never suspected nothing."

After a long five minutes ma said, "Now, you see I'd 'a' had plenty of time. I'm goin' now; they'll be late. I am going! This dress—"

"Sh-h-h!" Claudie warned her excitedly.

"I hear 'em coming now."

Another long spell of waiting followed Claudie's words, and all the while only the united family will kept Ma Weinert in her chair.

Then at last there was a stealthy step outside, then another and yet another until every board in the porch seemed to creak with its secret.

"My soul! I can't—" ma began nervously.

A sharp knock interrupted her; then the door swung open, and Edny's kind confederates trooped in. Each was red with suppressed giggles, and each bore a paper bag or a box from which came the delicate odor of pickles, ham sandwiches and jelly cake.

Ma's painfully embarrassed silence served as an excellent counterfeit for amazement as the neighborhood humorist began, "Well, Mis' Weinert, ain't you goin' to ask us to set down an' stay awhile? We thought we'd come pay you a call." The witticism released the pent-up merriment of the callers, and hearty peals of laughter followed.

Apparently, however, Mrs. Casey was the real mistress of ceremonies. "Don't you let

'em set down yet, Mis' Weinert," she said, clearing her throat importantly. "Mis' Weinert, I have here—I wish to present to you a—a token; I ain't sayin' what it is, nor I ain't informin' you where it come from. Maybe somebody who shall be nameless give it to me to give to you. Be that as it may, Mis' Weinert, as I was sayin', we now give you on this here glad day this token and—and—our best respects—and happy returns, Mis' Weinert!"

"Happy returns!" echoed the others, while Mrs. Casey awkwardly held out the gift.

Behold now the box that had been hidden under Claudie's coat during his sprint down the alley; behold fifteen kindly, homely faces rosy grinning as they watched ma's fingers struggling with the wrappings. Finally there came into view an elegant toilet box, all

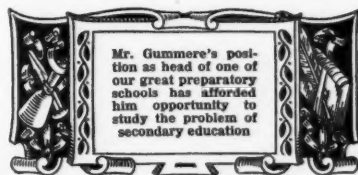
lovely red outside and beautiful pale blue within; it contained a comb and brush and mirror with flowered backs and handles exactly like silver.

Above the hubbub of enthusiasm ma's voice rose, high-pitched and tense: "Well, I am surprised! Why, I just declare to mercy, folks, I am surprised!"

At that her husband, who was bent as nearly double as his round body would allow, might have been heard to break into loud guffaws of mirth. But Claudie was silent; from his place by the kitchen door he was watching a shy little figure standing apart from the noisy group of friends. Edny's lips were tremulous, but her eyes were full of astonished joy. Claudie's own eyes grew tender as he looked. "Sh-h," he whispered, nudging his father. "Look, pa! Look at the kid!"

BOOKS AND TOOLS

By Richard M. Gummere



NOT long ago I attended the commencement exercises of a high school in a suburban district. Before the programme began the guests were invited to look at the manual-training department, where they saw desks, chairs and furniture of all sorts that the pupils themselves had made and for which they had been rewarded with prizes offered by a friend of the school. The exhibit gave universal pleasure and resulted in profit for the children and in a salary increase for the teacher.

No reasonable human being could object to including work of that kind in the school course; it was real workmanship, the outcome of joy over creating something of beauty and utility. Furthermore, the work was not the result merely of a half year's study; the training had begun down in the grades. The dozen boys who took their diplomas that night with manual training to their credit were really equipped for a trade.

Nor can a school director feel anything except admiration when he sits down once a year to a meal that the girls in the domestic-science course have prepared. He is invited to inspect the kitchen, to see how the food is



HAND AND BRAIN DIFFERENT VALUES

cooked and to test it by comparing it with the product of his own home. If the teacher knows her business, he sees spotless utensils, modern machinery and wholesome ingredients. And to say that the nearest way to a man's heart is through his stomach is entirely inadequate; the efforts of a score of neatly dressed and housewifely young girls completely win a man over to the value of such training.

Recently I saw a sight that contrasts sharply in every detail with what I have just mentioned. College entrance examinations were being held in a university classroom. Some hundred and fifty boys and girls were undergoing the most exacting kind of test in the form of theoretical mathematics, history, languages and their grammar, and questions regarding Macbeth's motives and Dr. Johnson's style. There was no wood carving, no domestic science. On the Saturday of the examination week a few Darwinlike geniuses were drawing complicated lines and curves of a mechanical sort; but there were no vocational studies. The boys and girls had been studying their languages for three or more years and their mathematics since they went out of kilts. The brain—reasoning and memory—was uppermost; the hand was of small consequence. The pupils came mostly from private schools and were being trained for business and for the professions.

In the main we have just seen the characteristics of public and of private education today. In and near cities of any size the public

schools are more like the private schools in the subjects that they offer; and some private schools make much more of manual training and of vocational subjects than others do. But in speaking of America generally it is correct to say that a senior in a public school is having a course like this:

English Civics	Shorthand and Bookkeeping
Gen. Science	Manual Training or Domestic Science
	Hygiene and Physical Training
English	American History and Civil Government
Latin	Mathematics
French	Physical Training

The boy or girl in the public school may have one foreign language substituted for any one subject; and pupils in the private school may be studying physics or chemistry or trigonometry instead of one of the foreign languages. In short, in a public school it is only the exceptionally resolute and "tough-minded" youth that has the courage to choose a course that resembles what all private-school children, with a few exceptions owing to subnormal mentality, are supposed to take. From that general view we may draw a great many interesting conclusions.

The whole country is in earnest about education. West of the Alleghenies the "voice of the people" is speaking as with a trumpet, and along the Atlantic Coast schools of education are testing and untesting, planning and replanning, surveying and legislating with nervous enthusiasm. There are national grants for vocational training and efforts on the part of city superintendents to give half-time children a full day; letters about the lighting, heating and cleanliness of school-houses are burning up the postal service, and local taxpayers are being convinced that, if teachers are to be worthy of trust, they must receive more pay than stone breakers and salesgirls get. All schools, state or otherwise, are experimenting with new ideas that vary from vocationalism to fine arts, and out of it all will emerge something stimulating and striking.

Is the tendency, however, toward mere handwork in the public schools sound? Will handwork train people to think? Will it make for leadership, or will it produce merely a larger number of boys who know how to put together an automobile and a larger number of girls who know how to make angel cake? Will it not produce a smaller percentage of pupils who are ready for the riches of a first-class college education? And will it give that sense of leisure and enjoyment in home and

MASTERS OF MINDS OR SLAVES OF COMMODITIES?



family which comes from an appreciation of good reading and an interest in affairs?

What will the citizen of 1935 be expected to know? How ought he or she to be educated? He will be in constant contact with Europe or with South America or with the Far East. He will need to know at least one foreign language well. He will be familiar with the histories of the lands to which his business will stretch and with the mind and temper of their inhabitants. He will be likely to read

more periodical literature and to write more. He will need a system of reasoning that will enable him to form his own opinions.

Let us assume that capital and labor are on the way to smooth their difficulties. If the representatives of the workingmen shall come to an understanding with their employers, will it not be in order for the people of 1935 to have more uniform opportunities so that they will appreciate the same pleasures and possess a sort of partnership in production and privilege? They will need in early life to have the same opportunities for learning to appreciate the best that life affords. They will be masters of minds rather than slaves of commodities. If, however, the vocational idea is pushed to its limit, prospective leaders on account of inferior training—often without any language or mathematics or any history except an acquaintance with the home country or state—will find themselves compelled to go back to school after graduation; they will strike a stone wall where they ought to find open country. That will discourage all except the most resolute; the majority will sink into what Grover Cleveland called "innocuous desuetude." Boys and girls will be unable to pass the examinations for the best colleges and universities. The mass will increase in numbers, and the leaders will have to be recruited from the graduates of private schools plus the graduates of city high schools that are independent enough to take a different point of view.

At a time when diplomacy, business and industry are calling for men who can take responsibility—and often calling in vain—America will be divided into two social classes: those who work with their hands and those who work with their brains. Having a condition like that was the fatal error that the Germans made; in Germany there were a governing class whom the universities turned out and a working class who stopped at what we should call the eighth school grade and who were helpless in the hands of their masters. It was because of that condition that



THE SELF-TAUGHT THE COLLEGE-TRAINED

the Social Democrats, who in other circumstance would have protested against the invasion of Belgium, followed the kaiser and his bureaucrats like sheep. France never made the error; neither did Scotland; and through the provisions of the Fisher Education Act England intends never to make it again. Do we in America, therefore, dare to say that the eighty-five per cent of school children who never enter college shall feed upon merely mechanical and workaday subjects and shall be denied the vistas of thought that the comparatively few public-school collegians and the graduates of private schools have enjoyed?

A trade or a business or a profession is best learned by working at it. There are preliminaries to engineering or to medicine or to farming, but they begin when the pupil has made up his mind to become an engineer or a doctor or a farmer. Before that time it is best to acquire the richest and most stimulating general knowledge possible. Our great business leaders do not want men and women who enter their establishments to think that they know everything that is to be known about steel or textiles or finance or fertilizers; they want stenographers who know how to spell and write correctly, young men who can think clearly and can interpret a complicated letter. Youth is the time for ideas; the school education that Americans crave is the sort that will mean enjoyment in later life, a sense of pleasure over the fireside, a bond of imagination and hobbies from which, so to speak, a person can cut off coupons all the rest of his life. School education of the right sort will make for national prosperity, for quieter living and for habits that without display and indulgence satisfy the taste.

In other words, a full and interesting school course that affords plenty of history, at least one foreign language, a solid course in mathematics and a wide acquaintance with good English literature brings not only equipment for the highest positions in business and public life but a sense of pleasure in a person's own life and in his family life. People who enjoy a good book or a magazine that conveys interesting information about the affairs of the world do not need to rush out to the "movies" in bored desperation or to spend ten dollars of an evening at a worthless musical comedy. Mr. Roger W. Babson is correct in saying that as we need more

religion in our business so we need more reflection in our daily lives.

In looking through the careers of men who have attained superiority, excellence and the power to lead and advise their contemporaries, you find in general two varieties. One is the self-taught and self-teaching sort; to those persons it makes little difference whether they have finished even an elementary school. They see everything direct and flashing with meaning; they get quickly to the point of the problem; they distinguish between the useful and the useless. And as they gain in ability they reach a stage where by similar reasoning they are able to sift and settle mental and moral issues. After all, the ability to do that is the whole of education. What good was a school-teacher to Franklin, wizard of constructiveness and common sense? He devoured books and rejected whatever in them did not apply in life. He learned his trade by working at it, and he tried his theories by a combination of invention and skepticism. Mr. Edison, living in an age of experts, owes nothing to the trade or technical school and everything to a pair of nimble hands and an inquisitive mind. Had he early possessed the gift of exposition he could have lectured to engineers when he was fifteen years old. Sitting in a classroom would have irked him to death. His friend Burroughs learned things first-hand from birds, from streams and from pine boughs, and he drew his style direct from the nature that he portrays so lovingly. Lincoln is the splendid example of self-training; it is needless to speak of the shovel and the charcoal with which he did his sums and of the few moralizing books that to the great edification of his style he learned by heart. Nor need we do more than comment in passing upon his self-imposed study of geometry in his later years—to fill a need rather than to fulfill a form. Such are the results of direct and simple analysis, backed by the ambition of genius. There is here no academic tradition, no examinations, no jury of peers; for a man like Lincoln, for example, has no peers. If he is lucky, he has a few understanding persons who spur him on—a parent, a friend, a sympathetic employer.

At the other extreme is the thoroughbred system that drills a man from the cradle to the age of twenty-one. It assumes that a liberal training is necessary. It has produced in England men like Peel, Gladstone and Balfour, and in America men like Roosevelt, Hughes and Root. There are fewer failures among its ranks than there are among the self-taught, because the boy or the man has behind him the whole force of institutions. Schools and colleges are waiting for him with open arms. If he fails, it is because of laziness or of inability to take advantages; whereas with the entirely self-taught man circumstances over which he has no control may be fighting against him.

It would seem then as if the two extremes were the most effective soil in which leadership grows. Men challenge and conquer when their problems are hard; and a university prize winner or a country boy who has the genius to rise above his environment delights in going from success to success. By mastering difficulties he masters the physical and mental and moral world. But I suspect that the boy or girl who is neither self-taught nor trained according to the highest standards finds the work only half done in a vocationalized course of study, which means little if the ability to think is not acquired, and which is no education at all if split into detached bits. Business, government and the professions are waiting eagerly for the pupil who knows history, mathematics and a language other than his own. They are perfectly ready to do their



THE PRACTICAL TOOLS THE IDEAL FORMS

own apprentice work; but they want apprentices who are educated rather than apprentices who have dabbled in many things and know none thoroughly.

And yet there is not the slightest occasion for anything except optimism. All that is necessary is to see that every boy and girl even in the rural districts is made to take one foreign language and a course in mathematics that lasts through at least three years of the high school, and to see that the school library plays a large part in the pupil's life—the turning lathe and the gas range should not crowd it out. If we follow that plan, we shall have more than ten per cent of our school children entering college and shall have a

supply of future leaders upon which we may draw. A thorough knowledge of five subjects will give better results than a scattering acquaintance with twelve or fifteen.

There are practical tools that no one should be without—reading, writing, numbers and work with the hands. There are real subjects that teach how to apply practical knowledge—mathematics pursued to its logical end, geography and natural history. And there are the ideal forms that set the mind free—religious views, the understanding of languages as the framework of speech, and all the material that opens out to us as we study languages, literature and the history of human minds and groups of people. Professor West of Princeton divides the subjects in a slightly different way: (1) Functions of nature, as

mathematics, physics, biology and chemistry. (2) Functions of man, as history and government. (3) Functions of the individual, as literature and language, in which he can express his differentiation.

If our educators will bear those principles in mind during the period of reconstruction, the progress of our civilization will know no limits. Graduates of agricultural colleges will take up abandoned farms and will make them pay well; there will be a new point of view in the relations between capital and labor because of the equalized opportunity for all to get command of the world's best ideas; and instead of an "intelligensia" we shall have a large number of thinking people who will stand out in vivid contrast with the vacant-minded mass.



We had accomplished the first part of our journey, and our search was now fairly begun

BLACK EAGLES AND WHITE

By Archibald Rutledge

Chapter One We go to Lesane Island

OUR quest for the white eagle resulted from Col. Simon Rawlins's glimpsing the strange bird as it was flying low over the delta of the Santee River. The old gentleman had been coming from Georgetown home to Dumbarton in Joe Willis's little steamer when he had sighted the albino and with a naturalist's love for exactness had clapped a spyglass to his eye and identified the bird. Later the colonel wrote the Charleston museum what he had seen, and the upshot of the matter was that in time a patron of the museum offered a thousand dollars for the unique specimen, and the state game commission issued a permit for anyone to take it.

I, Stephen Lesane, knew nothing of the matter at the time. My business was to catch fish and to do whatever I could do with my sloop, the Waban. The work kept me busy, and I did not see a great deal of my neighbors, the Rawlinses, though I never was astonished to have either of the boys, Lee or Jim, drop in on me of an evening while I was patching my nets. Sometimes too one of them would appear at my boat before daybreak just as I was starting forth with my seine to block off a creek at the ebb tide.

Though I was twenty years the senior of the two Rawlins boys, I respected them both. Lee, who was the elder, was a strong lad as

tall as I am and had wavy yellow hair and fine blue eyes just like his father's. Jim was smaller and was dark like me, though of course he did not have my strength, which had come to me honestly through many a year of pulling at the oars and hauling the seine in the salt creeks and bays of our stretch of the Southern coast. Lee was frolicsome and was always trying to banter people; but Jim was quiet and grave, a lad of few words, though he had a bright smile when occasion called for it. For all of Lee's careless manner and love of fun he had a good head, and Jim also was always to be trusted. I think the younger was perhaps the more daring and resourceful, but that matter you can shortly decide for yourself.

When the boys came one evening to tell me about the expedition to get the white eagle and to ask me to join them I was truly delighted. The enterprise had in it the promise of just the sort of adventures for which I cared most. Besides, I was much attached to the boys and liked the thought of being in their company. "When we start, Steve," Lee concluded, "depends chiefly on you. Today is Monday," he added calculatingly. "How about Wednesday?"

"Wednesday is good," I replied, "and we'll go in the Waban. I don't know where our head camp will be, but most likely it will be on Lesane Island."

I made that suggestion because Lesane Island was a part of my family's original property on the coast; and on the island I

thought we were most likely to see the white eagle. Besides, I had a little business there that I wanted to attend to—investigating a wrecked vessel.

"Don't you think," Jim suggested, "that we ought to take some one with us who can cook? Charley Snow is the man if we can get him to go. But he's afraid of water."

Both Lee and I had to laugh, and even Jim joined us in his quiet way; for in our opinion of all the scary negroes in Dumbarton Charley Snow was the worst when he was on a sailboat. But certainly Charley was a far-famed cook, and, if on the lonely island to which we were going he would not enliven our spirits with his courage, he might at least do it with his cooking. Therefore I willingly agreed to Jim's suggestion that we take him.

All through the following day and far into Tuesday night we were getting ready for our expedition. I had told the brothers that we should plan to stay a definite time and that at the end of it we should have to return home for provisions. Then, if necessary, we could make a second start. But I was sure that, if the great white eagle was in the vicinity where Colonel Rawlins had seen it, we could find it and possibly capture it within a fortnight.

Since there was much game on Lesane Island, in the delta and in the huge wild Romney Marsh, I decided that besides the long-range rifle we should take a double-barreled shotgun and several boxes of shells, including some loads of buckshot intended for deer. I had my seine, which would supply our camp with all the fish that we should need; and I included in my equipment an old spyglass that had belonged to my father, who for a generation had been a pilot on the inside passage between Georgetown and Savannah. We were going on a voyage of discovery, and a spyglass is a good handy friend on such a journey. Lee was successful in finding Charley Snow and in getting him to agree to go.

At ten o'clock one bright October morning, just as the high ebb tide was beginning to draw out of the glistening marshes and the shining creeks, we gathered on the little wharf at Dumbarton. My good sloop lay there, and I was glad that we had so staunch a craft for our journey. After storing our goods snugly aboard and saying good-by to the few friends who knew that we were going and who had come down to the landing to see us depart, we cast off our hawser. Running up the sail and the jib, we paid out the sheet to the fair offshore breeze and stood down the main creek for Lesane Island, which, twenty miles away, was a mere dark and vague shadow on the luring horizon.

We had not told Charley Snow the purpose of our journey, and so he lacked the unusual thoughts that stimulated us; he believed that we were merely on a fishing trip. Charley was essentially a landsman; he never entered a boat without changing countenance and casting certain longing and significant glances back toward the shore. Now his big eyes were rolling wistfully toward the nestling village that was receding across the waving green of the marsh fields.

After we had left the village perhaps eight miles behind us and were scudding down one of the long reaches of Jibboom Creek, the tortuous course of which we should follow until we came to Anchor Sound, immediately beyond which lay Lesane Island, I saw Charley draw forth with melancholy and pensive interest the one parcel that he had brought with him. It was a curiously shaped package, in the wrapping and tying of which a strange and piebald assortment of strings and papers had been used. Lee and I, who were watching him closely, were highly amused chiefly by the tender way in which the negro was handling the package. Jim was missing the fun, for he had taken a position astride the base of the bowsprit, whence in his quiet, absorbed way he could watch each new scene as it arose. As strings and paper fell from Charley's precious parcel we expected to see a dinner pail—indeed as a ten-o'clock start was early for Charley, we doubted whether he had as yet had any breakfast. What was our surprise and pleasure when we saw the gleaming shape of a guitar! Immediately Charley began to tune it.

"Going to give us some music, Charley?" asked Lee, and the fun in his voice made the negro smile broadly.

"Yes, sah. I allus sings when I feels sad."

Perhaps three hours after we had left Dumbarton we entered the last wide reach of the salt creek that we were following and saw ahead of us the broad expanse of Anchor Sound, roughened now by the fresh offshore

breeze that was buffeting the strong ebb tide. Charley's eyes opened wide when he saw the extent of the sound, and he looked apprehensively from it to me. I smiled to reassure him; but he must have been feeling sad, for he lifted his guitar tenderly, and then with his big hands struck a few soft, melancholy chords. A little while later we found ourselves listening to his indescribably sweet mellow voice, which was full of a nameless kind of longing, though I don't know that it was really nameless after all, for Charley was undoubtedly longing for good dry land.

Across Anchor Sound was a good two miles, and as we swept over those lonely waters and felt the breath of the sea upon us our eyes turned from time to time to the blue vault above, to the immense expanse of the sea marshes between the sound and the mainland and to the dark outline of Lesane Island, which now was directly ahead of us.

"I think it's time we took up a regular watch," Lee Rawlins said to me. "Father saw the white eagle about ten miles north of here, I think, but the big bird was coming in this direction, and ten miles would mean nothing to him. How long would it take him to come the distance, Steve?"

"About ten minutes, at his usual rate," I answered; "but if he were pushed he could cut that time in half. I have seen a bald eagle catch a mallard drake that was going well over a hundred miles an hour."

I had one fear concerning the eagle, though I had not mentioned it to my young comrades. I was afraid that perhaps Simon Rawlins had seen the strange and beautiful creature while it was migrating and that at best it was only a transient visitor; of course, if the bird were a transient, our chances of seeing it and of getting it were smaller than if the bird were a regular resident. But if it were a resident, I thought, how could it have escaped my notice? Through a score of winters, during which I had followed wild ducks about the marshes and had tended my traps all along the fringes of Anchor Sound and through Alligator Creek to the Santee, I had often seen eagles, and more than once they had robbed me of my crippled ducks and my trapped raccoons and minks. But never once had I laid eyes on the mighty bird for which we were searching. Yet nature has her surprises for all of us; and I explained to myself my failure to see the magnificent bird by thinking how many other kinds of wild life in those wide regions I had never seen and probably never should see. For example, there was the albino stag that the keeper of Roman Light, just to the south of Lesane Island, had declared he had seen on the Lesane beach. Yet, though I was familiar with the deer on the island, I had never seen a white one. The same reasoning might apply to the bald eagle.

"If we are going ashore on Lesane today," Lee said to me, "I suppose we'll tie up the Waban in Alligator Creek, will we not?" "Well down in this end of it, this side of Peace Cove," I replied. "There's a good landing just off a place known as Black Mallard Pond, where the back beach breaks off very steeply. We can warp the sloop close inshore there."

It did not take us long to come under the lee of the wooded coastal island; and after we had bucked the strong ebb tide that was ramping out of the mouth of Alligator Creek, which separates Lesane Island from Romney Marsh, we dropped sail and anchor on the near side of Peace Cove. We went in close enough to make the stern of the sloop fast to a great gnarled live oak that was hanging far out over the salt water; then we went ashore in the small boat.

Three of our number were cheerful enough, for we had accomplished the first part of our journey, and our search was now fairly begun. But with a look of gloomy foreboding Charley Snow rolled his eyes toward the dark, mysterious woods of the island—wild woods into the junglelike depths of which the noontide rays of even our semitropical sun could penetrate but wanly.

"Well, Charley, how do you like it?" asked Lee with businesslike seriousness. I did not hear the whole of the negro's answer, but I heard the words "a lonesome place" and "a good place for hants" and a few other cheerless expressions. We smiled at them then, believing them to be merely the whims of a negro who was readily frightened.

"Well, boys," I said, "if Charley will make some coffee for us, we can have a bite to eat before we do any cruising round on the island. And while we are enjoying ourselves

I don't see any harm in keeping a good weather eye over the sea marsh yonder toward the mainland. We've come down here to Lesane to see more things than Charley cooking coffee and brown corn cakes."

While the negro, who was wonderfully efficient at building a camp fire and at cooking, was busily and happily preparing our noonday meal the three of us began to observe the land and water birds that appeared between us and the mainland, some two miles' distance over the Romney Marsh. There were many terns and sea gulls; there were melancholy great blue herons and egrets that glistened like snow in the broad sunlight; we saw a flock of the first migrating wild ducks; willets there were, whistling humanly, and splendid Spanish curlews that fluted melodiously. We saw several eagles pursuing a solitary and majestic course; and close by tiny marsh wrens, gay and independent, flitted along the reedy shores. All those birds and many others that we observed I had known and loved since boyhood. I never was good at book learning, but I could learn readily from nature. And it has seemed to me that nothing passes away so quickly as many things learned from books, just as few lessons stay with a man longer than the lessons that he has learned in the woods, on the water, or wherever nature is alive and moving in power and beauty.

Charley Snow soon called us to our luncheon, which we disposed of with hearty relish. Then I said, "Now while Charley gets his own dinner we three can cross the island to the front beach."

At my words the negro cast certain furtive glances round him. He would not soon become used to the dim loneliness of Lesane Island; and the wild aspect of the great Romney Marsh behind us increased the mournful and solitary appearance of the forest in front of us.

Taking leave of Charley, we struck into the narrow pathway that led across the island. The pathway, which was well-trodden by the wild cattle of Lesane, led through thickets of myrtle and red cedar and across green glades where mighty yellow pines towered, and emerged at last on the sand dunes of the ocean front.

It was then mid-afternoon, and the surf of the flood tide was pounding on the hard beach. Half a mile offshore, and very conspicuous with her two masts snapped off thirty feet above her deck, lay the wreck of the Storm Queen. She had gone ashore in the West Indian gale that we had had six months before, and several of her crew had drowned. Her owners, the Sunderland Company, had, as I happened to know, made no attempt to salvage her.

"I want you to notice those two yardarms intact on the masts," I said; "more than once I've seen eagles light there."

"If we could only see the albino light there now!" exclaimed Lee.

Jim and I expressed the hope heartily; but after more than two hours of patrolling the front beach we had seen no sign of the great eagle. Then we turned through the darkening and fragrant thickets toward our camp. The faithful and frightened Charley had dinner ready when we arrived, and it was almost pathetic to see how glad he was at our return.

"Well, Charley, did you see or hear any hants while we were gone?" Lee asked laughingly as we gathered round the bright camp fire for dinner.

"I done beared one, and I done seen one," replied the negro with astonishing certainty in his tone. "And I heard a big bloodhound running back yonder in these same woods," he continued, waving his immense hand toward the dark forest.

"And what kind of hant did you see, Charley?" Jim asked.

"Right over yonder," the negro answered, pointing up toward Peace Cove and the marshes which now were lying dim and misty in the falling twilight, "I done see a white turkey buzzard! Yes, sah, sho as you live!"

"The albino!" the three of us cried as with one voice.

"It was an eagle, not a buzzard, wasn't it, Charley?" Lee asked excitedly.

"Biggest bird I ever done see," the negro replied, "and I say, 'Maybe he done come for carry Charley off.'"

"He's here, Steve," said Jim Rawlins; "and that's all that I've been wanting to know. He's really here, and now I think that we have a fair chance to get him."

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Alexander Graham Bell

FACT AND COMMENT

IF YOU SINCERELY WISH to be good, you are already well on the way thither.

Reasons and Rules, Reasons and Rules!
The First for the Wise and the Second
for Fools!

STANDING ON YOUR DIGNITY is like walking on a tight rope; impressive if you can do it well, ridiculous if you can't.

IN GERMANY the number of unemployed persons who are receiving relief is slightly less than twenty thousand, a level that was seldom attained even in the prosperous days before the war.

NOW THAT THE SIZE of the army has been fixed by Congress and it is therefore possible to make accurate estimates of what the reduced forces will need, the government will sell at auction in the next six months property that cost a quarter of a billion dollars. Usually, for goods sold in that way, the government receives about twenty-five per cent of what the goods cost.

SINCE THE BROTHERHOOD of Locomotive Engineers opened its Cooperative National Bank in Cleveland in 1920, labor organizations have established eight other banks in different parts of the country and are planning a dozen more. The Cleveland bank divides all its profits above ten per cent between the stockholders and the depositors, and it is not a member of the clearing house; otherwise its business is the same as that of other banks.

THE BOLL WEEVIL has now infested almost the whole cotton-growing area in the United States and has shown that it can live even in the extreme portions of the Cotton Belt. The damage that it caused in 1911 was only 1.28 per cent of the normal crop, but by 1921 it had grown to 31 per cent, and it increased more than 10 per cent last year. Should it continue to gain at that rate it would be only a few years before there would be no American cotton.

IN JAPAN there is little evidence of unemployment even in times of business depression. Most of the industrial workers come from the little farms into which the country is divided, and, since they have a strong family feeling, they go back to their country relatives as soon as they are out of work in the cities. A "strong family feeling" of that kind, it seems to us, might easily become more prized by those who have it than by those upon whom they permit it to rest.

THE USEFULNESS OF SELENIUM lies in its peculiar sensitiveness to light. In conducting electricity, metallic selenium is so sensitive that when a greater amount of light falls upon it a greater amount of electricity passes through it. A selenium cell, in circuit with a battery, will do many clever things. It will switch off the street light when day breaks, send photographs over the wire, control boats and torpedoes from a distance, and, most wonderful of all, will translate a page of print into musical notes that the blind can easily learn to read.

AMONG THE PROVISIONS for indirect aid to shipping in the present subsidy bill before Congress are: that fifty per cent of the immigration shall be reserved for American ships; that money spent on building new ships shall be exempt from Federal taxes; that shippers in American vessels shall have five per cent deducted from their income tax, and that the army and navy transport service shall be given to the merchant

marine. Also it is provided that two thirds of the personnel in deck and engine departments must be American citizens.

THE LONDON CONFERENCE

THE conference at London was another and a sincere attempt to find some firm and practical basis on which the Allied nations could deal with Germany and with one another. The presence of M. Poincaré showed that the French premier took the affair much more seriously than he took the conferences at Genoa and The Hague, which he would not attend. As for the British premier, everyone knows that he has been eager for a long time to get something done that will unsnarl the economic tangle in which all Europe finds itself.

When the premiers met there was ground for hope that an agreement could be reached. Mr. Lloyd George wanted a moratorium for Germany, and he thought the reparations account ought to be cut to something like twelve billion dollars. He has found out that the American delegates at Paris, who always held that that was all the Germans could safely be asked to pay, were better-informed and cooler-headed than he.

But there was only one way of bringing M. Poincaré to consider his proposals. He must agree to cancel the three billion dollars that France owes to Great Britain, and he must remit all the British claims against Germany. At Paris, in order to fulfill his rash prelection promises, he tried to saddle on Germany the entire cost of the British pension and allowances system. He will have to give up that idea, if he means to win the consent of France to the scaling down of the reparations account.

A good many people expected him to do these things, in spite of Lord Balfour's recent letter, in which he warned France that Great Britain could not remit what France and Italy owes it unless the United States were willing at the same time to cancel the British debt to it. Whether he dared not risk the political effect of so great an apparent sacrifice, or whether he thinks that he can by keeping the question of the Allied debts open increase the pressure on this country to cancel the debts that Europe owes it, we do not know. At all events he did not offer the only terms on which M. Poincaré could have met him. The French premier, who does not believe that Germany is really bankrupt, and who thinks that it is not inability to pay but determination not to pay that makes the collection of the reparations from Germany so difficult, had nothing to propose to which Mr. Lloyd George would listen.

"We are in an accord to misunderstand each other," said M. Poincaré, ironically, but alas! with too much truth. The London conference, like all the other conferences, got nowhere. Whether it will be worth while to call another, while the politicians insist on talking of elaborate economic fictions instead of hard economic fact and are all interested first of all to save their political faces before the voters at home, is very doubtful.

CULTURE

MANY persons think of culture as familiarity with literature and art—an ability to quote authors and to discuss fluently the characteristics of the work of individual artists. More justly, many others consider it to be not so much ornamental as intellectual in the broadest way. That is, culture is held to include every branch of knowledge—literature, art, science, philosophy, history, economics. A still better view calls it the pursuit of totality, of perfection, and consequently includes religion and moral purpose, and the will to achieve. In any view the primary meaning regards it as something personal—a striving of the individual toward internal improvement.

Culture is not definitely practical. It is the idea of being rather than of doing. Its Latin original—*colere*, to till—suggests its nature, an intensive working of the human soil of each personality by itself, to the end that the greatest and best spiritual crops may appear. It is a preparation for activity rather than activity itself, and preparation of a steady, all-round sort. It is an attitude, not a stock of accomplishments.

It is certain enough that nobody in these days can know everything, and the notion of drawing on all lines of knowledge and interest has the danger of confusion and superficiality. Hence the disposition of many to specialize—a disposition at the other pole from culture. Perhaps the best way of meeting the danger

is to choose two lines of study—one the literary, or humanistic, say a certain language and its literature, and the other the scientific, confined to a single branch of science—and to follow the two with constant reference to their relations with everything else. After all, the great difference between culture and specialism is the liking of culture to find contacts among all interests, to keep in mind the harmony that perfection of personality implies.

But is not culture too self-centred? Rightly understood, it is profoundly social. It was a true contention of Matthew Arnold that the greatest social service a man can give is to "find himself," for he cannot find himself without helping others to find themselves. If he comes to know the best that has been thought and said in the world, he is sure to be eager to have "reason and the will of God" prevail as widely as possible. But the social service of culture is spiritual. It would make the world better by making the individual better. It has less faith in the machinery of society, in a multiplicity of laws, than in personal progress, and one of its strongest convictions is that a widespread culture will show itself in greater wisdom in what law-making is necessary. In other words, culture as a preparation for activity, private or public, is in the long run the surest guaranty of efficiency.

AN UNTIDY PEOPLE

WHEN the American people go anywhere for an outing, they always need some one to pick up after them. We do not know whether in this regard Americans are different from any other people or not; we suspect that people everywhere are likely to manifest careless and untidy tendencies when they feel that they will not thereby damage their own possessions or cause themselves discomfort. Indeed, some of the persons who leave newspapers in public parks or on public beaches, or bottles and tin cans in the pleasant forest glades where they have picnicked, may not fully realize that they are doing anything reprehensible. Perhaps litter does not offend their eyes very much, and it does not occur to them that it may offend the eyes of others.

More often the persons who leave newspapers, banana peels, bottles, tin cans, paper bags and other rubbish by the roadside or in the parks do it because of laziness and pigishness.

Industrial necessity is a defiler of beauty. Mills and factories have destroyed the loveliness of many a stream; the sawmill has ruined many a beautiful hillside; and to at least some of these ravages it is necessary to submit.

But the pleasure seeker need not spoil the scene in which he takes his pleasure. It should be a point of personal pride with him as well as a civic duty to leave such a place at least none the worse for his presence.

ONE OF THE GREAT INVENTORS

FEW inventions have so deeply affected our daily life as has the telephone. It has come to be regarded as equally indispensable in the business office and in the home. We find it hard to imagine ourselves getting along without it. And yet it was only the other day that the man who invented the telephone died, and a great many people who read The Companion can remember when his invention was regarded as only a curious toy.

Alexander Graham Bell came of a family that by inheritance was interested in the problems of sound and of speech. His grandfather and his father were both students of phonetics, and his father was one of the pioneers in teaching deaf-mutes to talk. Graham Bell himself began as a teacher. He became interested in the problems of multiplex telegraphy, and in the course of his experiments he stumbled upon the fact that sounds can be transmitted over an electrically charged wire and accurately reproduced on a diaphragm at the other end. From that discovery came the telephone.

The first successful demonstration of it was in 1876, in a building still standing, in Scollay Square, Boston. Within a few years the new means of annihilating space and drawing the ends of the earth together was in general use.

We have come to take the telephone instrument as a commonplace of daily life, yet when we stop to think about it, it is no less miraculous a creation than it seemed to our fathers almost fifty years ago. To have instantaneously delivered to our ear the actual tones of voice of a speaker hundreds or thousands of miles distant—will that ever be

anything else than miraculous, however accustomed to it we may become?

Mr. Bell himself is said to have disliked the telephone and during the last years of his life to have refused to use it. There are times when one cannot help sympathizing with him; for by its insistent interruption of work or of rest the telephone can become for the moment an irritating nuisance. Yet it can and does serve us so willingly and so quickly, it makes possible so much that without it would be impossible, it saves us so much of time,—that commodity of which there is never enough,—that, except for the locomotive and the sewing machine, it is the one mechanical invention of the last century that we cannot imagine ourselves as doing without. The inventor of it deserved well of the world; and in giving him both fame and fortune the world discharged a part at least of its debt.

COLONIZING THE BRITISH EMPIRE

CONVINCED that Great Britain has reached or is approaching overpopulation, and that the empire would be safer and stronger if its great dominions were more fully settled and cultivated, the British government has proposed a scheme for the redistribution of population that is extraordinary both in scope and cost.

The Empire Settlement Act provides for appropriating \$15,000,000 a year for fourteen years to help move landless men from England to the manless lands of Canada, Australia and New Zealand, on condition that the dominions furnish an equal amount of money for the same purpose. South Africa, as we understand the plan, is not included, since it is felt that the opportunities for white labor there are not so good as in the other dominions.

The Australian government has already accepted the plan, and Canada and New Zealand are expected to follow. If they do, some \$420,000,000 will be spent before 1936 in setting in motion "the great trek" of millions of British pioneers into the unoccupied spaces of the empire.

The alarming amount of unemployment in England since the war is one of the conditions that have hastened forward this remarkable venture in colonization. Two or three millions are constantly out of work and supported by government relief funds. Nor is the situation of Europe such as to awaken much hope for an early revival of British trade. The aim of the Empire Settlement Act is both to put those unemployed men at healthful, useful work and to help build up a larger and more profitable colonial trade.

The population of the British Isles is now three hundred and eighty-six to the square mile; that of Canada is only two and a half, and that of Australia and New Zealand is less than two. Although there are parts of Canada too cold and sterile to be permanently settled, and parts of Australia too hot and dry, there is room for many millions more in both dominions. It remains to be seen whether the highly industrialized population of Britain has lost that high spirit of adventure, that hardy love of pioneering which has carried the British flag and the British race into every continent and across every sea. Government aid will deliver the twentieth-century colonist from much of the hardship that the first settlers of Canada and Australia had to face, but he will have to possess courage, industry and endurance if he is to make his way in a strange and unfamiliar way of life. Others besides Englishmen will watch the great undertaking with interest.

NO MORE WAR

WHILE the Great War was in progress millions of people found their only peace of mind in the confident hope that it was a "war to end war." Now that it is over it is clear enough that it is exhaustion rather than moral conviction that keeps more than one European nation from flying at another's throat. If the necessities of the budget and the lack of ready funds keep the military establishments of Europe smaller than they used to be, there is no cessation in the research into new and more powerful means of destroying life, and no disposition to disarm and disband the forces that now exist.

The "no more war" movement, which has called forth a number of interesting public demonstrations in countries in all parts of the world, had its birth in a feeling that the moral earnestness that, in the midst of much that was less admirable, did nevertheless flourish among the flames of war has withered away since peace was declared. The movement was an energetic effort to revive the

hatred of war that most of us felt while the slaughter was going on and to unite in one stream of influence the sentiment against war that exists in every country.

The demonstrations were interesting, often impressive; and yet in reading of them it was impossible to escape the feeling that something more was needed, that we must go deeper than demonstration, deeper even than sentiment and feeling.

Nations have always gone to war when they felt their safety threatened and their legitimate interests trampled upon. Probably they always will go to war in those conditions. The thing that must be done is to prevent nations from threatening the safety or trampling on the rights of their neighbors. We must pursue not the negative ideal of "no more war" but the positive ideal of "justice for all." That is a difficult thing for any people to attain. Some of those who go about calling out that there shall be no more war are not yet ready to take the only step that will lead in that direction, which is to deal justly with all.

Most wars have their beginnings a generation or more before they break out, in national jealousies and narrow and selfish national policies. The most intelligent observers can mark the approach of war long before it comes. So far they have found no way to open the eyes of others to the peril or to influence governments to abandon courses that must make war inevitable. But that is the only way to avoid war. Cause and effect work in politics as well as in physics.

Peace, like happiness, is a by-product. It is attained not by loudly demanding it but by a course of moderation and kindness and justice toward others. When public opinion in all nations is strong enough to persuade the statesman to pursue policies that are moderate, kindly and just there will be no more war, but not before that.



CURRENT EVENTS

ALTHOUGH neither the local nor the state authorities show any intention of doing anything more about the murders at Herrin, Illinois, the Mexican government has decided not to consider the affair a "closed incident." Two citizens of Mexico, it appears, were killed, and two others cruelly beaten, and Mexico has sent a protest to Washington. Our Department of State is "investigating" the circumstances, but if the State of Illinois does nothing to punish the offenders it is not probable that the Federal government can do anything more than to apologize to Mexico. The situation recalls that which followed the murder of some Italians in New Orleans thirty years ago. There was a long diplomatic correspondence between Secretary Blaine and the Marquis di Rudini, but Mr. Blaine had to fall back on the constitutional incapacity of the national government to interfere in the administration of justice within the states. Incidentally, a reader of *The Companion* who lives in southern Illinois writes us that the raw, poisonous liquor that circulates freely in the neighborhood was chiefly to blame for the savagery of the Herrin mob.

MUCH may come in time from the summer sessions of the Institute of Politics at Williamstown, Massachusetts—not the less because the gatherings in the little college town are so unpretentious and informal. Frankness and good feeling characterize the discussions. Some of the most eminent and influential publicists and statesmen in the world are present. It is an institute for the mutual education of public men. In its methods it reminds one somewhat of the very early mediaeval universities. If it does no other service it helps to form a body of instructed and tolerant opinion among men of influence who are elsewhere exposed to the confused thinking and suspicious feeling that are rife in Europe today.

THE feuds between the Socialists and the Fascisti, or Nationalists, which seemed for a time to have died down, have revived with augmented fury. All Italy north of Rome is in turmoil, and hardly a city of importance has escaped incendiarism and street fighting. The Facta ministry resigned because it found it impossible to keep order, but Premier Facta had to return to office because no one could relieve him. Signor Giolitti refused office because, he said, Italy was headed straight for bankruptcy and he did not intend to be caught in the whirlpool. The most encouraging element in the situation is

that the new minister of the interior is Signor Taddei, formerly prefect at Turin. He has the name of being the strongest and coolest administrator in Italy.

WE get from the Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* this interesting glimpse of a well-known American consulting public opinion on a question of international consequence:

The crowd in the Tuilleries Garden on Tuesday evening was surprised by two well-dressed men who accosted peaceable citizens enjoying the cool evening on the benches. One of them, a Frenchman, approached many in turn, raising his hat. "I am the interpreter for this gentleman you see beside me," he said. "He is Governor Cox, a candidate at the last election for the presidency of the United States. He wants to know what you think about the League of Nations."

Surprised and flattered, the men addressed always stood up and replied to the best of their ability. This strange resurrection of the methods of Socrates much impressed Parisians, who are divided upon whether it is a practicable scheme for getting the views of the man in the street.

A traveler who recently returned from England reports that in London ex-Governor Cox pursued the same direct method of trying to learn the opinion of the everyday Briton concerning the League of Nations.

FOLLOWING the example of our own Senate, the Chilean Senate has declined to ratify the agreement with Peru that was recently negotiated at Washington. The reason for the refusal was like that which caused the rejection of the Versailles Treaty: the Senators believe that they should have been consulted and that the agreement to arbitrate the Tacna-Arica dispute sets at naught existing international arrangements and compromises the national sovereignty of Chile. President Alessandri intends to make, as Mr. Wilson made, a speech-making tour of the country in defense of the treaty.

THE National Chamber of Commerce declares that 100,000 or 200,000 men of equal productive capacity added to the 185,000 men who have been working all summer in the non-union mine districts would supply all the soft coal the country could use. But there were 610,000 soft-coal miners on strike, which means that almost half a million men whose labor is not actually needed in the industry are dependent on it for their livelihood. No wonder coal is high!

DR. EINSTEIN, the eminent physicist and natural philosopher, has had to flee from Berlin and go into hiding in the country. His life is threatened by the monarchist murder-clubs that have killed Eisner and Rathenau and Erzberger and murderously assaulted Maximilian Harden. Dr. Einstein's offense is his warm support of the republican government and his refusal, during the war, to sign the famous manifesto of the German professors in defense of the German methods of making war.

THE train crews who abandoned their trains in the middle of the Arizona desert damaged their own cause just as the Germans who made war on noncombatants in Belgium and France damaged theirs. The suffering they caused the passengers, many of whom were feeble through age or infancy or sickness, was merely cruel. It was of no conceivable advantage to the strikers and showed only a wanton willingness to harm anyone who was in their power.

LONDON is anxious about both of its great cathedrals, St. Paul's and Westminster. Within the last few years some half million dollars have been spent in repairing and strengthening the walls, but architects say that nothing more than a beginning has been made. The piers that uphold the great dome of St. Paul's are cracked and beginning to crumble: it will be a costly and difficult job to restore them. The softer stone of the Abbey is disintegrating under the influence of the acid fumes that the innumerable factories of London pour into the air. It has been suggested that the Abbey be lime-washed all over to protect the crumbling surface. Everyone who loves the famous old church winces at the thought of its being treated to a glaring coat of whitewash, but it may come to a choice between that and seeing the building fall into ruin. Perhaps the lime can be colored in such a way as to preserve the mellow dignity of appearance that age has given to the stone.



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CHILDREN'S PAGE

A HOMEMADE ZOO By Elisabeth Havens Burrowes



The Great Black Bear



The Beaver



The Hippopotamus



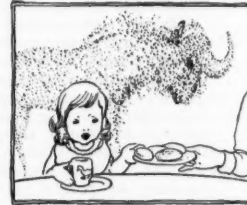
The Baboon



The Zebra



The Alligator



The Gnu



The Tiger



The Kangaroos

Jack and Jeannie and little Hugh
Dressed their best and with sparkling eyes
Went together to see the zoo.

Next morning from a cosy bed
A great black bear put out her head;
The bathtub held with splash and fuss
A snorting hippopotamus;
The zebra's stripes were pink and white.
(His rompers were not buttoned right!)
At breakfast things were funny too—
We passed the rolls to a hungry gnu.
The custard pie was good at noon;

Three helpings went to a big baboon,
While, in a high chair of his own,
A beaver gnawed a chicken bone.
That afternoon an alligator
Bumped his head on the radiator.
At twilight, curled in mother's lap,
A sleepy tiger took a nap,
And after evening prayers were said
Two kangaroos hopped into bed.
So many beasts! But I tell you true,
Though we looked and we looked we only found
Jack and Jeannie and little Hugh.

NITRO'S TROLLEY RIDE

By Paul Mason

NITRO was a clever Airedale terrier. He was very dignified with strangers but with his young master, Alec Fisher, he was as friendly and frisky as possible. Alec and his chum, Norman Merrill, taught Nitro all kinds of funny tricks.

One of those tricks was very useful. Every day when Alec and his chum went to school Nitro went with them as far as the post office, where Alec got the mail and put it into a hand bag. Then he put the handle of the bag in Nitro's mouth and told him to go home. Nitro always obeyed; he never failed to carry the bag straight home and lay it at Mrs. Fisher's feet.

One spring Alec received an invitation to spend a fortnight with his uncle and aunt who had just moved to the city. Uncle Phil wrote that he should be passing through the village in his automobile and would stop for his nephew. Alec was delighted at the thought of visiting the city. "But Nitro will make a dreadful fuss when I leave," he said to Norman. "Suppose you take him off for a walk before Uncle Phil gets here." So Norman agreed to do it.

But Uncle Phil came sooner than he was expected. The two boys and Nitro were in the yard when the automobile stopped at the gate. Alec went into the house to get his suitcase and hand bag, and Norman whistled hurriedly to Nitro and started off down the road.

Nitro didn't want to go; at every few steps he would turn and look back toward the house.

Norman had intended to stroll off into the woods, but he remembered suddenly that he had forgotten to get the mail that morning.

"I'll hurry to the post office," he said to himself, "and keep Nitro there until the car has gone by."

If he had not found a favorite magazine in the mail all would have been well; but in the midst of an interesting story he looked up to see the tip of Nitro's tail disappearing through the half-open door. At the same moment a car rolled by the window, and Norman saw that it was Alec's uncle's car.

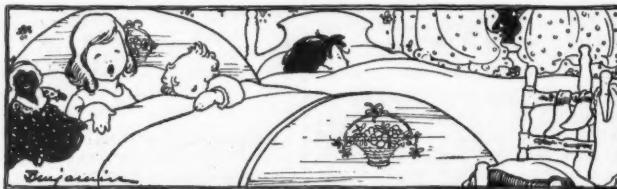
He rushed to the door. Nitro was racing after the car, and, though Norman called loudly, the dog paid no attention to him.

"Now I've done it!" he thought ruefully. Meanwhile Alec was enjoying every minute. He was glad that Uncle Phil was not a fast driver; the trip would be all the longer if they went slowly.

When they had gone about half a mile he turned to look back at the village and saw a cloud of dust whirling along the highway.

Alec stretched his neck. "Looks like somebody chasing us on a bicycle," he said. He leaned far out as Uncle Phil slowed down a little. "No, it's a dog," he said. Then he added in quick dismay, "Why, it's my own dog!"

He opened the door and jumped out as the car stopped and the dog came up. "O Nitro,



Jack, Jeannie and little Hugh

Nitro!" he cried reproachfully. Nitro, so tired that he could hardly wag his tail, almost fell at his master's feet.

Alec turned to his uncle and his aunt. "I'm sorry," he said. "I don't know how he got away."

There was nothing to do but to take Nitro into the car. Uncle Phil and Aunt Abbie were good-natured about it, but Alec could see that the newcomer was not very welcome. He felt much worried as they started on their journey again. Poor Nitro was still panting; every now and then he turned and looked humbly at Alec.

Alec gave him a forgiving pat or

two, but all the joy was gone out of the trip. He sat staring at the road ahead and wishing that he could think of something to do.

All at once he sat up straight. He had not noticed that they were riding parallel with a car track, but now he saw an electric car coming round a curve some distance ahead. The sight of the car put an idea into his mind.

"Uncle Phil, will you stop a minute?" he said.

"What for?" asked Uncle Phil; but he stopped.

Alec hastily dumped out the contents of his hand bag. The next moment he

had jumped out of the automobile, pulling Nitro with him as he went, and was signaling to the motorman of the electric car.

"I know the conductors on this line," he called to his uncle. "Maybe this one will let Nitro travel home on his car."

The trolley car came to a standstill, and the conductor looked out.

"Mr. Collins," Alec said eagerly, "Nitro followed my uncle's car, and he'll be a dreadful nuisance. Could you give him a ride as far as the square?"

The conductor laughed. "Well, the company won't care so long as I can vouch for the dog; and I know Nitro. Put him aboard."

Nitro looked up into his master's face; he seemed to know what was coming.

Alec put the handle of the bag into the dog's mouth and motioned him to jump into the car. "Home, Nitro," he said.

Though Nitro looked wistful, he obeyed instantly. He knew what that bag meant—something that he was responsible for, something that he must carry home. As the car moved off Alec saw Nitro stalk in a dignified way down the aisle and jump into the first empty seat. A boy and a girl who were in the next seat turned and looked at him with interest. Nitro sat up, straight and dignified, with the bag in his mouth. A moment more, and Uncle Phil's car disappeared in one direction and the trolley car in the other.

Norman Merrill happened to be standing in the village square when the electric car stopped there. Nitro was the first passenger to get off. At the sight of him Norman gave a shout of surprise and pleasure.

"Why, you old rascal, you!" he cried as he ran forward. "Where did you come from?"

Nitro waved his tail slightly and glanced at Norman out of the corner of his eye. Then, holding his head high, he walked past him and down the street. Following at a respectful distance, Norman saw him pass through the Fisher gate and lay the bag at the feet of Alec's mother, who was sitting on the porch.

"You scamp," Norman called. "You needn't tell if you don't want to. Just so you're back, I don't care how you got here."

Nitro wagged his tail briskly; he looked exactly as if he were laughing. Then he lay down on the porch with a sigh and went to sleep.

A GARDEN PARTY

By Kathryn P. Custer

EARLY one pleasant fall the vegetables in a certain garden decided that they would have a party. A wise old toad who lived under a stone had told them that at dusk of any day after a heavy frost they would be able to hop out of their places and caper to their hearts' content. "We haven't much longer to be together," they



A boy and a girl who were in the next seat turned

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said. "Let's make it a merry party." Finally a frost came, and all the next day the various vegetable families were planning together.

"I shall certainly make the party a gay-colored one," boasted a bright yellow squash. "No more than we tomatoes shall," replied a crimson tomato.

"Color doesn't show without light," said a thin little parsnip gloomily. "I don't see how we're going to have a party in the dark."

Here some cress in the bed of the brook spoke up timidly. "Why couldn't the sunflower by the wall furnish us with light?" it asked.

"To be sure!" cried an onion and a parsnip together. "We hadn't thought of that!"

Some of the other vegetables tittered. "Te-hee! You poor little cress, how green you are!" they said. "A sunflower doesn't give light."

The parsnip, seeing his mistake, turned as red as a beet.

The onion, although he was a big strong fellow, began to cry. "I feel like a gooseberry," he sobbed.

The cabbages put their heads together and talked the matter over. The other vegetables watched them in great excitement; the potatoes, particularly, were all eyes.

Finally a large sweet potato said rather rudely, "Look at those pumpkins over there! What's the use of their being such big things if they can't think of a way to settle this question?"

"They can," piped up a tiny pea as he gazed out of a half-opened pod; "pumpkins give light, I've heard."

The pumpkins all looked embarrassed. "Only at Halloween," they said. "We don't give light so early in the fall any more than fireflies give light in December."

At the word fireflies a stir ran through the crowd. "Why, to be sure!" cried several potatoes in chorus. "The very thing—fireflies!"

After some discussion it was decided that a morning-glory vine that grew beside the fence should ask the fireflies to provide light for the entertainment.

Presently a plain-looking old turnip spoke up from its corner. "What about the music?" it asked.

Alas, no one had thought about the music, and that was the most important thing of all! The whole company grew serious. Then they all began to talk and argue at the same time. Only the cucumbers kept cool.

At last a humble squash made a suggestion. "Might I propose," he asked timidly, "that we ask Mr. Thomas Cat to furnish the music for us?"

"The very thing!" cried all the other vegetables together. "Mr. Cat sings nearly every night; no doubt he will oblige us."

Ten o'clock, the appointed hour, came. So did Mr. Cat; he took his seat on a fence post and began a lively song. The fireflies did their duty nobly, and all the vegetables jumped out of their places and started to romp and whirl through the garden.

All at once an astonishing thing happened. There was a queer noise somewhere overhead; then a dark object came whizzing down into the garden and grazed Mr. Cat's back. The next instant there came another dark object that struck Mr. Cat on the left ear and then, glancing aside, fell into the midst of a group of whirling vegetables.

The garden people were in a panic. The corn was shocked; the cabbage brothers shook their heads and went rolling to their places; the peas hopped into their pods again; the potatoes, who had hurried out from their hills to join in the revelry, went scurrying back. The beans were quite unstrung; even the fireflies, offended, turned off their lights and flew away.

But Mr. Cat kept bravely on. He had promised to furnish music for the garden party, and he intended to keep his promise. What was a rap or two on the back and a whang or two on the ear?

"Oh, yow! Oh, y-a-a-r-r-o-w!" he sang on and on.

Then, all at once—swish!—a lot of cold water came dashing down from somewhere and struck Mr. Cat full in the face. The music stopped short, and Mr. Cat was off like a streak.

For several hours there was gloomy silence in the garden. Then, some time after midnight Mr. Cat came back. This time his song was not so loud, but it was very interesting.

"Oh, y-a-a-r-r-o-w!" he sang. "The people in this house who do not like music will soon be moving back to the city. Then we can have our garden party in peace. Oh, yow! Oh, y-a-a-r-r-o-w, y-a-a-r-r-o-w!"

At that all the vegetables cheered softly. The very next week there was a heavy frost, and on the following night the interrupted party took place with great success.

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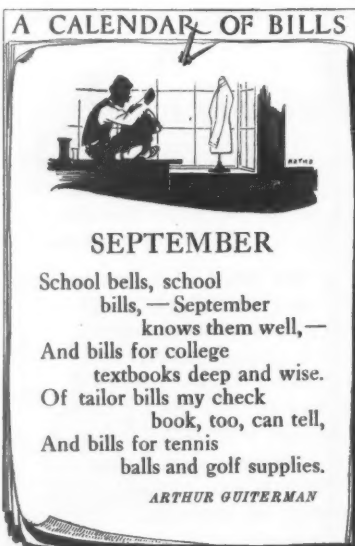
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LANDMARKS

THE New England or the Middle Western farmer is amazed when he sees no fences separating the small farms and gardens of Palestine. To be sure, the terraced hills have row after row of low stone walls, but they serve primarily as retaining walls to keep the soil from washing down the mountain side. Nevertheless, the boundaries are everywhere; they consist of small heaps of stones that look more like the results of a boy's play than a serious attempt at boundary marking.

That method of dividing the land has been in use ever since the days of Jacob and Laban and has led to much distrust and suspicion. In a land where there are few trained surveyors and where recording a deed is a most expensive and precarious affair the system lies open to a recurring danger—the unlawful moving of landmarks. It is possible for an unscrupulous farmer to get up at midnight and increase his holdings of land considerably before daybreak. The moving of landmarks early came to be a practice widely condemned, yet extensively practiced.

Today there is great danger that many old landmarks of the world will be wrongfully moved. Politically, socially and economically there are certain principles that in the popular clamor for "change" may be swept away. It is natural to want to do things differently after a war, but we must be extremely careful lest the changes be so radical as to cause a moral weakening and to sweep away certain fundamentals of civilization.

The hope of the world's progress lies to a large extent in the zeal and enthusiasm of the high-minded pioneer who goes ahead and blazes the way for his less adventurous friends. Yet there is a real place for the conservative, and true progress is made when there is a normal relation between the two. Often it is the conservative that remains at home and prepares the meals that strengthen the pioneer for his new enterprises. It is the conservative that watches the landmarks to see that everyone receives justice, and that the basic principles of our social order are maintained. Great care must always be taken, and the interests of all must be considered before landmarks are moved.

IN PEARL STREET

VINNIE TRECO, swinging into Pearl Street, scowled when she saw old Uncle Jimmy picking bits of a broken bottle from the gutter. She would not have known just how to say what she was thinking, but she knew that Uncle Jimmy with his misshapen body and painful movements symbolized everything in the narrow, dreary street, everything that was hateful in her life. She hated the sight of him forever moving about after bits of newspaper or glass. Who cared for a few pieces of newspaper? They were much nicer to look at than he was.

Uncle Jimmy's wrinkled face was shining with pleasure. He held up the pieces of glass as she reached him. "Might have ripped a tire," he said.

"There are so many limousines in Pearl Street!" Vinnie retorted with sarcasm.

The brightness died out of the old man's face. "Well, there's babies," he said slowly. "They're round the streets a lot."

"You're right, they are," Vinnie agreed bitterly, "but I've yet to see one get cut. They're not that kind."

Uncle Jimmy pursed his lips doggedly. Because Vinnie was young and bitter and cruel she could not understand that he was fighting for all that he had left in life, for his self-respect and the right to his share in the work of the world. "Tain't right to have glass in the streets," he insisted. "They have people to keep 'em clean uptown."

"You bet it's uptown," Vinnie agreed. She was tired of him and walked on. A gang of boys came down the street. They were little

fellows, but already the street had set its mark upon them. They flung a handful of trash, sticks and stones and old nails at Uncle Jimmy. "Old Jimmy-pick-'em-up, old Jimmy-pick-'em-up!" they jeered.

With his dim eyes Uncle Jimmy peered at them. He bore no malice. "You hadn't orter," he remonstrated in his weak shrill voice. "It's our street; we'd orter keep it clean."

The boys laughed and ran on. "Old Jimmy-pick-'em-up!" they shouted till they had turned the corner.

But the next day Uncle Jimmy was not on the street, nor did he appear the following day. By the third day the people of the street realized that he never again would pick up glass and papers. It was curious how many stopped at the door of his niece's house to inquire and, when they had heard, went away quietly.

They did not send flowers to the funeral; they did not have the money. Few of them even went to it. But they paid tribute in their own way. "He was a good man," they said. "We'll miss seeing him round picking things up."

And then quite unconsciously they themselves began to pick up the bits of glass and papers. "Seems like I can't help thinking how 'twould worry Uncle Jimmy to see these papers blowing round," one man said to another.

Vinnie Treco still crouched at Pearl Street. She did not know that anything had happened there.

THE UMBRELLA AND THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND

THE article Don't Lose Your Things When You Shop that appeared recently in the Family Page of The Companion has led a contributor to relate an amusing experience that she once had with an umbrella.

I had always, she says, lost umbrellas almost as fast as I could buy them, and so in despair I took to buying as inexpensive ones as I could persuade myself to carry. One season when I had bought and lost three medium-priced umbrellas I saw some beautiful ones at a reduced price. One umbrella in particular impressed me, but even at the reduced price it cost more than I wanted to pay. However, I decided to buy it and to put into practice some of the psychology that I had been studying. When I reached home I sat down with the umbrella in my hand and scrutinized it thoroughly—formerly I never had kept one long enough really to become acquainted with the looks of it. Now as I studied my new umbrella I said to myself, "This is mine. I cannot afford to lose it. I will not lose it. I will always remember to reach out my hand and take it; if I am busy with something else, I will use my subconscious mind. If anyone else picks it up, I will see it and claim it. If I happen to leave it for the moment, my subconscious mind will jog my memory, and I will go back for it immediately."

Over and over I repeated the words, or words much like them; then I put the umbrella away. Later whenever I picked it up to go out, I would charge my subconscious mind to look after it for me; I seldom forgot to take it with me as I went from store to store. Several times I did leave it on a counter, but each time my mind seemed to jog me, and, going back, I always found the umbrella where I had left it. Once I recognized it in the hands of another woman, who immediately released it to me when I asked her politely whether it were her umbrella.

My family, who had laughed at me when I told them that I was going to use my subconscious mind to keep my umbrella, have ceased to laugh, for now, six years afterwards, I still have it!

At the end of the first season that I carried it a friend who had made fun of my method said that she had noticed that I seemed to reach out my hand involuntarily and take my umbrella whenever she saw me lay it down. Since she was a close friend, I admitted that I had done just that, and, moreover, that I must have reached out my hand at times when I had left it at home, for besides my own umbrella our hall rack held three others for which none of the family could account, and for which we have never found owners!

THE IMPERTURBABLE PILOT

IF you are in China and plan to take a boat trip you should choose your pilot carefully. If he smokes a pipe, don't think of hiring him! The pilot that Mr. William L. Hall tells of in Asia was unfortunately a "hard smoker." Rocks and rapids meant nothing to him; he was interested only in his pipe.

At six o'clock in the morning, says Mr. Hall, we cast off and continued our journey upstream. At quarter past eight our coolies were on the bank high overhead, pulling with a will. In a few moments the man on watch at the front of the boat called out to the pilot that we were running aground. The pilot, remarking that he himself had observed the circumstance, picked up his pipe and prepared to smoke. A few minutes after we had struck and were fast on the rocky bottom the captain, who had jumped out to help the coolies, shouted some instructions to the pilot. But the pilot calmly replied that he wanted to smoke when he wanted to smoke and there was nothing more to say. Just so!

Our boat had turned squarely across the river and was scraping over the stones on the bottom. Our cables were all out, and we were ready for

a hard pull. Passing over a bank to get down to the river, the coolies discovered that all the cables were on the wrong side of a tree, and then every man had to walk back up the hill and pass round the tree. Meanwhile we were grinding away on the stones.

At last the men were in position, and the captain gave the command. A long, steady pull brought our boat pointing up the river. But the drag on the cables continued after we were righted, and the front of our boat swung over so far that the current struck us on the opposite side, and before the coolies had seen our signals we were on the rocky bottom once more. After the cables had been carefully drawn in two men waded out to help push us back. Five of the soldiers as well as the pilot, the cook and two of the boatmen were hanging to our rudder shaft, trying to hold it tight. After the cables were out again and the coolies were in position we began to move. The end of our boat near the deeper water entered the rapid current with a jerk, and some of our cables parted in midstream. Then with a noise like a pistol shot our main cable broke under the boat, and the coolies fell upon one another in heaps.

From the throat of every one of them—there were three hundred—a yell arose as we started down the river. One of our men picked up a pole, and another got an oar. But the pilot only squatted on the deck and lighted his pipe. Men on boats below us grabbed poles and oars to lessen the force of the impact as we struck them in passing.

By that time our coolies were racing downstream and were making strenuous efforts to overtake us. The captain was running like a deer and waving his turban high above his head. Occasionally he stopped and waved both hands; then he wrung them as if he were in agony. When he came nearer we could see his lips move but could not hear what he was saying. Finally we ran close to the bank, and one of our men caught his boat hook on a projecting point of rock; but it would not hold. Again and again he caught his hook, until at last it held. Then we drifted right end to, and just at nine o'clock, after nineteen breathless minutes, we slipped up to the bank and landed on the very spot where we had spent the night before. And all during the excitement our pilot, squatting on the deck, had been smoking his pipe!

TRICKS OF THE EARTHQUAKE

THE recent earthquake in Kansu, China, was one of the most appalling catastrophes in history. The area of destruction, we learn from Mr. Upton Close and Miss Elsie McCormick in the National Geographic Magazine, was one hundred miles wide and three hundred miles long.

The most curious as well as the most frightful characteristic of the upheaval was that, instead of merely shivering and cracking open, the



A road that moved a mile

land flowed like a great river and swirled and eddied in large masses so that the whole topography of the region was changed. Hills were leveled, valleys were filled, and new hills and valleys appeared where none had been before.

The accompanying photograph shows an impressive freak of the earthquake; a landslide cut off a quarter-mile section of an old road, lined with big poplars, and the river of earth carried it for almost a mile and then left it in a position that seems almost natural. The conformations and waves that the swirling earth caused may be plainly seen. The road moved and came to rest within a few seconds.

A MONUMENT IN MEMORY OF A VERY OLD MAN

THE village of Shutesbury, Massachusetts, is probably the only town in New England that has erected a monument in memory of one of its inhabitants whose sole claim to distinction is his long span of life. Timothy Dwight, who for many years was president of Yale, visited the old fellow the year before he died and in *Travels in New England and New York* thus describes him:

The object of our journey to Shutesbury was to see a man named Ephraim Pratt, very far advanced in age. He was born at Sudbury, Massachusetts, in 1687; and in one month from the date of our arrival, November 13, 1803, would complete his one hundred and sixteenth year. He was of middle stature, firmly built, plump, but not encumbered with flesh; he was less withered than multitudes at seventy and

possessed considerable strength, as was evident from the grasp of his hand and the sound of his voice; he was without any marks of extreme age. The principal part of the time while I was in the house he held me by the hand, cheerfully answered all my questions and readily gave me an account of himself in such particulars as I wished to know. We were informed partly by himself and partly by his host that he had been a laborious man all his life, and particularly that he had mowed grass one hundred and one years successively.

Throughout his life he had been uniformly temperate. Ardent spirits he rarely tasted; cider he drank at times, but sparingly. In the vigorous periods of life he had accustomed himself to eat flesh, but much more abstemiously than most other persons in this country do. Milk, which had always been a great part, was now the whole of his diet. He is naturally cheerful and humorous, apparently unsusceptible of tender emotions, and is not much inclined to serious thinking. According to an account that he gave his host, he made a public profession of religion nearly seventy years before our visit to him, but was not supposed by his host or by others acquainted with him to be a religious man. He conversed easily and was plainly gratified with the visits and conversation of strangers. When he was ninety-three years old he made a bargain with his host, who told us the story, that for twenty pounds he should support him during the remainder of his life.

He was never sick but once, and then had the fever and ague. It is scarcely necessary to observe that a man one hundred and sixteen years old without religion was a melancholy sight to me. Three or four years before this time I saw in a newspaper an advertisement written by a person who professed and appeared to be acquainted with him and his concerns in which it was said that his descendants, some of whom were of the fifth generation, amounted probably to more than fifteen hundred!

BETWEEN THE TWINS

THE picture that The Companion printed recently of an oak and an elm that apparently were growing from a common stem has reminded a reader of a story that his grandfather liked to tell.

My grandfather, he writes, was born and died on a farm in the part of Vermont that the Green Mountain Boys made famous. Three or four rods from the edge of the woods in a field behind the old farmhouse there used to be two trees, a beech and a sugar maple, that had united at the base. They were called the "twin trees," and everyone in the surrounding country knew of them.

"On my sixteenth birthday," my grandfather used to say, "my father gave me a brand-new rifle. My birthday was in October—just the season for hunting. Boylike I was eager to see what I could do with my new plaything; so right after dinner I started for the woods behind the house. My mother was considerably worried and cautioned me to be careful, but my father laughed at her fears and jokingly told me that he did not want me to bring home anything smaller than a bear."

"Although the day was unseasonably warm, I hurried along and soon reached the woods at a place not far from the twin trees. For a short distance I kept in the open; then, coming to a woods road, I turned into it and saw facing me not three rods away a huge black bear! After a moment's hesitation the great brute turned and started for the underbrush. Then I did a foolish thing. I threw the rifle to my shoulder and fired almost without taking aim. With a terrifying roar of pain and rage the bear whirled and came lumbering swiftly toward me. Frightened, I stood still in my tracks and when the maddened animal was close enough struck at him wildly with my rifle; but with a sweep of his powerful foreleg he dashed the weapon from my hands and sent it crashing against a ledge at the side of the road. The noise the gun made as it struck the rock seemed to confuse him for a moment, and, taking advantage of his indecision, I turned and fled down the road."

"The bear was soon close on my heels. As I came into the open I caught sight of the twin trees a little to my right, and, since there was nothing else in sight that offered me a better chance of escape, I ran toward them and reached them safe. I could hardly have climbed one of them in any case; excited and frightened as I was, I knew I could not climb one then, at least in time to escape those terrible claws! My only hope lay in keeping the trees between me and the bear. At first I was successful, but I soon saw with horror that I should ultimately be caught."

"It happened that a quantity of stones, picked up from the field, had been thrown in a pile against the trunks of the trees. In a fit of desperation I jumped upon those stones, slipped between the trees and then jumped down on the opposite side. The bear started right after me. When I turned to see what I should do next I discovered that the space between the trunks was too narrow for the bulky body of the brute. After struggling for a few moments to get through, he backed away and came raging round to my side of the trees. Up on the stones I went again and slipped through the opening to the opposite side. But I was not quite quick enough; with a downward sweep of one of his great paws the bear dug two deep trenches down the back of my left leg. I still carry the scars."

"For some time we continued to dodge back and forth from one side of the trees to the other. The bear kept me moving swiftly, and after ten

or fifteen minutes, during which I lost considerable blood, I began to feel tired and faint.

"The grim game may have continued for half an hour, though it seemed much longer. Then without any apparent reason the bear suddenly started for the woods and disappeared into the underbrush. I reached home late in the afternoon. The next day I was not able to walk, and my father went to the woods to get my rifle. He found it with the barrel so bent and damaged that no one could use it."

FULL PODS

MRS. GROODY was a little dried-up old lady who ran the only boarding house in the small mining town of Gravel Ridge. Since vegetables were a necessary part of her daily bill of fare, she was a good patron of Jake Hilton, who had a garden patch next door. When peas were in season Mrs. Groody purchased them frequently, but every time she made a purchase she insisted that she should have "full pods."

"One day," said Jake, "I decided to have a little fun with her. The next time she came for peas she repeated her usual request for full pods. 'Your peas are all right, Mr. Hilton,' she said, 'but the pods ain't full enough. You ought to let 'em grow longer.'"

"Though I tried at all times to furnish my customers with the best that the garden produced, for once anyway I was determined that Mrs. Groody should have just what she asked for. I searched the vines all over and when I was through I had the nicest lot of seed peas you ever saw. The peas were hard and dry, and the rich dark green peas had faded and in places actually had turned yellow. I was almost afraid to carry them over to her; but she said nothing when I finally took them into her kitchen."

"Mrs. Groody usually came every two or three days for something, but as the days passed and I saw nothing of her I began to think that I had lost a good customer. After a week had gone by she came in one morning, and she was all smiles. I could not understand it, for I was thinking of those hard dry peas."

"Mr. Hilton," she said, "I want some more peas, an' I wish you'd pick 'em just like you did the last time. Those peas was the best I've had all summer. You know, I had 'em on the table three times before the boarders et 'em all up!"

THE ANGLING RATS OF NEW GUINEA

ON a barren little coral island off the coast of New Guinea there are rats that catch crabs. The island, says Capt. C. A. W. Monckton in *Some Experiences of a New Guinea Resident Magistrate*, is bare of all vegetation except a few trees and is surrounded with submerged coral reefs.

While the boys were preparing breakfast, he writes, I walked to the other side of the island and sat down. While I was sitting there I noticed some rats going down to the edge of the reef; they were lank, hungry-looking brutes with pink tails. I was about to throw lumps of coral at them, but I decided to wait and see what they would do. Rat after rat chose a flattish lump of coral, squatted on the edge of it and dangled his tail in the water.

Suddenly one rat leaped perhaps a yard from the rock, and as he landed I saw a crab clinging to his tail. Turning round, the rat grabbed the crab and devoured it; then he returned to his stone. Meanwhile the other rats were also catching crabs. What on earth the rats did for fresh water I don't know; I could find no water at all on the island.

THE LESSER EVIL

PILSON, who keeps a shop in the village, and his better half were on a visit to their son and heir, who was captain on the school cricket club. The occasion, says an English weekly, was an important match, and, as play did not cease until late, young Pilson prevailed upon his parents to stay until Monday. The next morning, which was Sunday, the boy accompanied them to church, where Mr. Pilson surprised the congregation by joining in the singing and the chants with a voice that almost drowned the organ.

Young Pilson was furious. After church he said to his father, "Dad, I do hope when you come again you'll sing a bit lower. Everybody was grinning at you."

"It's all right, my son; it couldn't be 'elped," Mr. Pilson replied seriously. "You see, if I 'adn't 'ighered my voice, they'd 'ave 'eard your mother!"

ENFORCING DISCIPLINE

WHILE a detachment of American negroes were hiking through a small French town, says the Argonaut, a chicken, unaware of the appetites of American darkies, crossed the road in front of them. With much zeal a soldier broke from the ranks and set out in pursuit.

"Halt!" bellowed the officer in charge. Both fowl and negro only accelerated their paces.

"Halt! Halt!" repeated the officer. The dusky doughboy made one plunge and, grasping the chicken by the neck, stuffed it, struggling, inside his shirt.

"There!" he panted. "Ah! I learn you to halt when de captain says halt, yo' dis'bedient bird."

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THE STRANGE PIKE PERCH

THE sportsman who lands a large pike perch is indeed fortunate. To get an idea of what a pike perch looks like take an ordinary pike, which has but one back, or dorsal, fin, add the back fin of a perch, change the color somewhat and then enlarge the eye.

The pike perch, which is a fresh-water fish, has many names, according to the part of the country in which it is found. It is called the salmon, the jack salmon, the wall-eyed pike, the yellow pike, the pickerel, the okow, the blowfish, the green pike and the blue pike; in Canada it is known as the *doré*, or dory. The fish is not a pike at all, but belongs to the perch family. Its eggs are exceedingly small, perhaps one twelfth of an inch in diameter; and, since they are so small, great numbers of them are found in a female fish. They run one hundred and fifty thousand to the quart, and some of the largest pike perch have been known to yield nine hundred thousand—almost a million.

As a game fish the pike perch is a strong and valiant fighter; it will take small eels and other small fish, and sometimes when in shallow water will rise to an artificial fly. As food the fish is generally fine and is of much commercial importance. The flesh is firm, white and flaky and sweet. In most of the waters that the pike perch frequents it seems to be a wanderer. Sometimes the sportsman will find it only in shallow water and perhaps the next day will find it only in water of considerable depth.

Few pike perch more than twelve pounds in weight have been taken on a hook and line; and there seems to be no record that a pike perch more than fifteen pounds in weight was ever taken on hook and line. The circumstance is extraordinary, for the pike perch is known to reach an enormous size. The United States Fish Commission reports that a pike perch that weighed forty pounds was once taken, probably with a spear; and many pike perch that weigh up to twenty-five pounds have been captured in nets. Why only the smaller fish will take a hook and bait is extremely puzzling.

A LOVE LETTER FIVE THOUSAND YEARS OLD

ARCHAEOLOGISTS are continually making surprising discoveries among the rubbish heaps that mark the sites of the vanished cities of Mesopotamia. It is not so long ago that the remarkable legal code of King Hammurabi was found among the ruins of Babylon inscribed on a large and irregular stele. That carries us back to two thousand years before Christ, but the recent discovery at Tello, Nippur and Ur in Chaldea of clay tablets nearly or quite a thousand years older carries us back to what we consider as the dawn of civilization.

We find that the people who dwelt along the Tigris and Euphrates so long ago were both civilized and cultivated and wrote letters much like those we write today. Among the discoveries is this delightful little letter scratched by a young man on a clay tablet and sent to his beloved:

"To Bibea, thus says Gimil Marduk: may the gods Shamash and Marduk permit thee to live forever for my sake. I write to inquire concerning thy health. Tell me how thou art. I went to Babylon but did not see thee. I was greatly disappointed. Send the reason for thy leaving, that I may be happy. Do come in the month Marchesvan. Keep well always for my sake."

Does it not seem strange that this eager inquiry of a lover after the health of a girl who has been dead for fifty centuries perhaps should so long have survived both the man and the maid and come to be seen and read today by men who live thousands of miles beyond the limits of the little world they knew!

INSIDE THE FLOODGATE

WHEN the floodgate of the irrigating system on my Virginia plantation became jammed, writes a contributor to Forest and Stream, I hurried down to it. Both sections of the gate were wide open, and the pressure of water from the river was tremendous; but only a muddy trickle was coming through the trunk, or covered sluiceway. Something must have plugged it up. Old Cudjo, who had made the floodgate, volunteered to crawl in to examine the inside of it.

We watched while he vanished into the black hole. Suddenly we heard him cry out. Then he reappeared and reached the bank with extraordinary speed. He was badly frightened and declared that a live creature was in the floodgate. From what he said about the thing's cold, scaly hide I guessed that it was an alligator.

We got two boat hooks, and after perhaps an hour we dislodged a huge bull alligator fifteen feet long and almost five hundred pounds in weight. In trying to pass from the river to the canal in the rice field he had used the floodgate as a convenient short cut; but he had become wedged against some blunt pins that old Cudjo had left in the trunk when he had made it. The bulk of the reptile occupied all the space available and effectively shut out the water. We killed him, and the negroes skinned him.

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PERITONITIS

PERITONITIS is an inflammation of the peritoneum, or the membrane that lines the abdominal cavity. Circumstances may bring about the condition. Such diseases as tuberculosis or cancer or a penetrating wound of the abdomen or other injury to the abdomen may cause it; or the perforation of any one of the abdominal viscera—such as the bursting of a neglected appendix or perforation of a bowel in typhoid fever—may cause it.

In former days the operation of laparotomy was likely to be followed by peritonitis; but with the perfecting of modern surgical asepsis such a tragical accident as that has become rare. Finally, acute peritonitis may occur suddenly in a person who apparently is in good health but who, without knowing it, has been harboring a gastric or intestinal ulcer.

In most cases acute general peritonitis is a secondary disease and occurs in persons who are already ill with typhoid fever or with some other illness; for that reason the beginning of it may be unnoticed. A case of peritonitis may or may not have warning symptoms, such as chills, fever, loss of appetite, nausea, vomiting, and so on; but it is pretty sure to have one definite symptom, severe pain. Soon the pain becomes excruciating; the patient cannot bear to be moved or touched; the abdomen is distended and exquisitely sensitive; and the pain is greatly increased by the vomiting that usually occurs at such a time. The patient's breathing is rapid and light, and the voice usually sinks to a whisper. Needless to say, only the physician can be the judge of what to do. In most cases the treatment is surgical and is carried out as speedily as possible. When for any reason a surgical operation is out of the question the physician has to depend upon morphine or opium to relieve the pain, and upon such other applications as may be needed. He alone has the right to say what the patient shall eat. Above all until the doctor arrives the family should refrain from administering alcohol or anything else with a view to relieving the pain or "keeping up the strength."

THE SENDING OF THE FLAX

"**O**NE of my grandmothers," said June Conner, "was Irish, and there's a proverb I've heard her quote a hundred times if I've heard her quote it once. It is, 'Get spindle and distaff ready; God will send the flax!'"

Belle Embry's face seemed to harden. "It doesn't work," she declared. "I've tried it."

"So did grandmother, all her life, and she said that it did."

"And I tell you it doesn't!" Belle cried. "Haven't I been getting ready for things all my life? And what has come of all the getting ready? Disappointments—nothing else. Why, take for example just a little thing. The other day I was so lonesome I felt as if I should die. I wanted some one to come to supper the way people used to drop in at home. And suddenly I made up my mind that I'd get ready for a guest. So I made a delicious salad and some of Aunt Barb's sponge cake. I bought a handful of daisies, and had my candles on the table. And then I waited. I believe I'd have welcomed a book agent if she'd come to the door. But not a soul came near. I ate the salad because I couldn't afford to waste it. I gave the cake to Mrs. Peyton."

"I ran in to see old Mrs. Collier yesterday," June said slowly. "She made me so ashamed. She said, 'It's real comfortable here at the Home. I'm thankful all the time that I've got such a nice place to end my days in; but I've been here going on seven years and never once sat down at any other table. If I could sit down to a meal in somebody's home just once, I believe that things would taste better all the rest of my life.'"

Belle flushed but said nothing. "Did I tell you," June went on, "about the new friend I've discovered? I found her at the hosiery counter at Wirt's. We got to talking, and I found that she was all alone in the world. She could not remember her parents at all. I—I asked her to dinner the other night, and she enjoyed it so much. I think I never was so grateful that I had a tiny home to ask a friend to."

Belle looked conscious, but she said nothing. "And besides," June added whimsically, "there is a telephone down in the office, and a certain friend of yours might have been induced—by the bait of Aunt Barb's cake; I adore parties, Belle Embry! You see, dear, I don't suppose the proverb ever meant that flax would drop from the sky if there was a store where we could get it merely by walking a few squares. Do you?"

"If there's anything I hate," Belle replied, "it's being convinced. I'd like to tear your argument to shreds. But since I don't exactly see how I can do it, will you come and have a party with me tomorrow?"

"Will I?" June cried joyously. "Won't I?"

BAITING A BEAR WITH BUNS

IN ancient times bear baiting was a popular European recreation. The bear was chained to a post, and dogs were set upon it to the delight of the spectators. While Lord Frederic Hamilton, the author of *Here, There and Everywhere*, was in India he baited a bear, in a way that was certainly more amusing, if not more humane, than the old way.

We were at breakfast, he says, when *kubber* [news] of a bear only two miles away was brought in. My host, the Maharaja of Cooh Behar, at once ordered the howdah elephants round. Opposite me on the breakfast table stood a large plate of buns, which the camp baker made most admirably. Ever since my earliest childhood I had gone to the zoological gardens in Regent's Park on every possible occasion and therefore was in a position to know what was the favorite food of bears. That they did not live on buns in the jungle was owing merely to the fact that there were no buns there to live on. I argued that the dainty would prove just as irresistible to a bear in the jungle as it did to his brethren in the big pit near the entrance to the zoo at home, and, ignoring the rather cheap gibes of the rest of the party, I provided myself with half a dozen buns, three of which I attached by long strings to the front of my howdah, where they swung like a pawnbroker's sign.

The bear was lying in a small patch of bamboo and broke cover at once. As I had anticipated, the three swinging buns proved absolutely irresistible to him. He came straight up to me, and I shot him with a smoothbore. He is most decorative in his present position, as a rug on the floor of my drawing-room—a fact that is wholly owing to the buns.

THE ART CRITICS

IN her amusing book, *My American Diary*, Mrs. Clare Sheridan tells of the impression that her exhibition of sculpture made on the people who came in to see it in New York City. The most interesting part of it was the group of portrait busts of the soviet leaders that Mrs. Sheridan went to Russia to make. These are some of the remarks that the visitors made about them:

"How ugly."
"How wicked they look!"
"What noble-looking men!"
"Lenine is my hero. I love him!"
"This is Russian propaganda."
"This is the most perfect anti-Bolshevik propaganda."
"These are fine advertisements for the Bolsheviks."

"Where is the exhibition?" (Question asked by a lady who had been looking at the things for half an hour.)

"I do work just like that."
"It's simply wonderful."
"A high-school girl could do it."
All of which shows that most of us see what we want to see in works of art.

PERHAPS HIS TEETH HURT

MANY of us remember the story of the boy who would not eat his crusts. Possibly as a punishment he was changed into the bird in this anecdote, which Bird Lore prints: A Philadelphia lady keeps a pan of fresh, clean water in her garden for the birds. One day one of her visitors happened to be a fine, slick blackbird. He moved about, occasionally perching himself on the edge of the pan and dipping his bill into the water. Suddenly he cocked his head on one side and then flew a few feet away to where a crust of bread was lying. Pecking away for a moment, he flew with the crust to the edge of the pan and dropped it into the water. When he had stood guard for a short while he quickly took up the softened crust and, swallowing it, flitted away. From a hard dry crust he had made a palatable morsel.

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

USUALLY when an editor makes remarks about a public official it is easy to tell whether they are favorable or unfavorable. But the following paragraph in a South Carolina newspaper leaves the reader somewhat in doubt:

Some malicious person started a report on the streets that there was something the matter with Mayor Snipe's head. We are glad to announce that it is as sound as ever it was, and that there is nothing in it.

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